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THE

GAMESTERS :

OR

RUINS OF INNOCENCE.

AN

ORIGINAL NOVEL,**FOUNDED IN TRUTH.**

BY CAROLINE MATILDA WARREN.

Lean not on earth, 'twill pierce thee to the
heart,
A broken reed at best, but oft a spear ;
On its sharp point peace bleeds, and hope ex-
pires.'

Night Thoughts.

BOSTON :

PUBLISHED BY J. SHAW, Google
1828.

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PREFACE.

By exchange
THE author of the following work is sensible it will not bear the test of criticism. As the production of a youth, whose education has been limited, whose opportunities have been penurious, she hopes it will be viewed with that candour, which is ever an attendant of discernment.

She presents it to the public, not as the laboured production of erudition, but as the efforts of a mind rather of the contemplative turn, whose principal amusement is derived from such pursuits.

At a period, when the novelist is seldom greeted with a solitary smile of approbation from the whole regiment of literati; when even 'the house is divided against itself,' and novel writers attribute many of the fashionable foibles of the day, to novel reading; it may argue a degree of temerity to produce a work, which bears this 'image and superscription.'

While she cordially agrees with the objector, that some novels have exhibited too highly coloured portraits of life; and have, like an ignis fatuus, too frequently led the young mind astray; yet the writer believes, that were novels devoted to the cause of moral virtue, they might become as useful, as they are thought to be pernicious. The light, unthinking mind, that would

revolt at a moral lesson from the pulpit, will seize, with avidity, the instruction offered under the similitude 'of a story.'

'To blend instruction with amusement, and at once to regale the imagination, and reform the heart, has been the writer's object ; how far she has succeeded, a candid public will determine.'

Though the writer is confident the work would not pass unscorched through the fiery ordeal of criticism ; yet if it possess sufficient merit to meet a smile from the brow of candour ; or, (what is infinitely dearer to her heart) if it gain one soul to virtue, or lure one profligate from the arms of dissipation, or snatch from the precipice of ruin, one fair fabric of innocence, she will deem herself amply compensated for every studious effort she has made, to throw the following sheets into their present form.

Perhaps no vice is more seemingly venial, or more really destructive, than gaming. Many a lost despairing son of pleasure, will attest the truth of this observation.

What was at first practiced to amuse a leisure hour, 'grows with their growth, and strengthens with their strength,' till it becomes a fixed and rooted vice ; and when the husband, the father, and the friend, can find attractions in a gaming table, superior to those offered by the domestic fireside, virtue herself is eradicated from his bosom, and feeling is exchanged for inhumanity. The writer has attempted to discourage the practice of this too fashionable vice, and should the attempt prove unsuccessful, and the work be justly condemned,

' One secret voice, at least, shall sooth my heart.
Nor will I tremble at the critic's dart,
While conscience sweetly whispers this applause,
Thou hast not injur'd virtue's sacred cause.'

Of the ill judging and censorious hypercritic, who views with the jaundiced eye of prejudice, 'every production from a female pen,' she has nothing to ask, confidently believing, that the really learned and virtuous, will approve the intention, though a want of merit should oblige them to censure the execution of the work.

THE AUTHOR.

Sutton, September, 1805.

THE GAMESTERS.

CHAPTER I.

Sublatam ex oculis quarimus invidi.
HORACE.

THE subject of the present history was the only child of respectable and opulent parents, who resided in a pleasant village, a few miles distant from the metropolis of Massachusetts.

The worthy Mr. Anderson had acquired an affluent fortune in the practice of the law ; but it was acquired honestly, not filched from the hand of industrious poverty. His eloquence was never employed to clear the guilty, or oppress the innocent ; and the widow and the fatherless were sure to find in him a protector, unlike many a mercenary wretch, whose standard of justice is the

opulence of his client ; and whose conduct, in this respect, often calls down unmerited censure on the profession at large. Anderson's conduct was ever guided by truth and integrity.

He had married a lady of equal merit, from a mutual attachment ; and as this attachment was not founded on the dazzling charms of wealth and beauty, so it was sincere and lasting. The white hours of innocence fled on golden wings, and love was chastened by reason. Such was this happy pair, when Heaven, in Leander, seemed to bestow on them the greatest earthly good. Fond infatuation ! how blind are mortals to the decrees of futurity ! and happy is it for mankind that

“ God has wisely hid from human sight

“ The dark decrees of future fate ! ”

Every attention which parental fondness could dictate, was bestowed on the education of the young Leander, who early exhibited evident traits of an amiable disposition and refined genius.

At an early age he was sent to the university, where the urbanity of his manners,

THE GAMESTERS.

and the goodness of his heart, procured him the affection of his tutors, and the esteem of his companions. He passed through the customary form of education with unrivalled applause, and returned to his parental roof, much improved in his literary acquirements, refined in his manners, and uncorrupted in his morals.

As yet Leander had experienced one continued scene of prosperity ; he was in full confidence with his parents ; his easy fortune and liberal accomplishments, procured him universal respect ; and the whole village were proud to own Leander Anderson as an inhabitant. But suddenly the sky began to lower, and a deep cloud over cast the hemisphere of life.

‘The morn of life serenely rose
And blush’d with beams too bright to last,
For soon a lurid cloud of woes
The pleasing landscape over cast.’

The brittle thread of life was broken and the amiable Mrs. Anderson suddenly dropped into eternity. It was a scene which angels might have contemplated with pleasure, to see the virtuous die. The sweet consciousness of a life devoted to virtue,

and the Pleasing hope of a brighter immortality, disarmed the 'grim messenger' of his terrors, Solemnly impressive, and interesting beyond description was the scene. Around her couch were assembled a group whose dejected countenances spoke more feelingly than language, the sorrows that oppressed the heart. The husband of her affection stood in the bending attitude of affectionate solicitude, watching her languid features, her hand clasped affectionately in both of his. He pressed it to his lips; a tear fell on it. Precious drop! it flowed from the chrystal fount of sensibility! Leander gazed in silent grief on her pallid countenance; and his beautifully expressive eyes shone with added lustre through the tears that suffused them. 'Must we part, Elvira?' said his father, in a voice barely audible. A look of sorrow crossed her cheek for a moment; but it brightened again. She raised her eyes to heaven in sign of resignation; the smile of brighter worlds beamed on her tranquil brow; and she committed her spirit to the hands of her Creator.

'Alas into air the purer spirits flow

And separate from their kindred dross below,
So flew the soul to its congenial place."

Uninterruptedly peaceful had been the tenour of her existence. The mild and gentle virtues had smoothed her passage to immortal bliss ; while unwavering confidence in that Being, who, in the impressive language of revelation, is styled 'The Father of the spirits of all flesh,' enabled her to go up out of the wilderness of this world 'leaning on the beloved.'

CHAPTER II.

"For who to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
 This pleasing, anxious being e'er resign'd,
 Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day:
 Nor cast one longing, ling'ring look behind
GRAY."

'Twas past ; the grave held the dear
 remains of the best of women. ' My son,'
 said the worthy man, trying to smile through
 his tears, ' we have committed to the silent
 mansion of death, the partner of all my fe-
 licity, and your maternal friend ; yet we
 shall meet her again, we shall meet her in
 the paradise above. Let us not give our-
 selves up to despair, but accept the chas-
 tisement of a Father ' who chasteneth in
 mercy.' Trust in God, my Leander, he
 will protect you. Philosophy administers
 but poor opiates in such calamities ; it is to
 the hand that we must look for consolation.
 Retire, my son ; give thy heart to the Al-
 mighty ; seek his protection ; you will find
 it the more necessary, as you must shortly

be an orphan. I would not wish to deceive you with buoyant expectations of happiness. I feel that I shall soon, very soon, be permitted to join my Elvira in the realms of bliss. Nay do not weep, Leander, I shall not leave you friendless ; but if it should please Heaven to take me soon to the bosom of my God, let not the joys of that happy removal be clouded with the thought, that you, my son, would too severely grieve for the loss of an earthly parent. So long, my dear Leander, as your Heavenly Parent vouchsafes you his protection (and he will never desert you) you need not mourn, though I am laid low in the tomb."

"O, my father !" said Leander, "far distant be that unhappy period."

"I know, my child, that the period is near ; I feel a presentiment that my stay on earth is short. The Father of Mercies will not permit me to be long separated from my Elvira ; yet, O my child, what conflicting emotions swell the heart of a parent ! For you I would live, for myself I would die ; yet the tie that binds me to earth *must* be dissolved. Promise me then, Leander, that for me you will not mourn without measure. I know that the event

will distress you, otherwise your heart must be cold and ungrateful. I would not wish you to be *insensible*, for there is a secret balm accompanying the spear that wounds the soul of sensibility ; and even the pangs which misfortune inflicts on the feeling heart, are blended with a delicate enjoyment, superiour to all the apathist can experience in the height of unfeeling prosperity."

Leander, kissed the hand of his father, and bathed it with his tears.

"Nay, Leander," resumed the old gentleman, "these tears distress me ; dry them, I beseech you, and promise to shed no more."

"Ah, my father !" said Leander, "I cannot *promise*, I can only *hope*." "Retire then," said his father, "and feel that hope with a prayer to Heaven. My presence cannot now console you ; go then, and seek consolation from him who is mighty to save."

Leander obeyed. His chamber overlooked a beautiful arm of the Charles River. The pale moon had arisen, and seemed to shed a melancholy ray over the face of the creation. The trees seemed to assume a deeper green, and appeared to sigh

responsive to the breath of the zephyr, while the faint rays of the queen of night gleamed on the waters, and depicted innumerable orbs upon its surface. The waves dashed mournfully against the shore, and except their melancholy murmur, the plaintive notes of the bird of the eve, that echoed along the banks of the river, all was silent, and nature slept in the bosom of evening.

Leander leaned from his casement, and indulged such reflections as the pensive mildness of the scene inspired. It was late ere he retired to rest, and sleep had hardly stolen over his senses, when he awakened by a loud knocking at his chamber door.—He arose hastily, and inquired why he was interrupted. The servant who appeared, could only articulate, “My master—your father.” Leander hurried to his father, and found him deprived of all sensation.

He had been several times attacked with an apoplectic complaint, and the return of the disorder at this period, may be attributed to the state of his spirits.

His physician soon arrived; but to Leander's inquiries he replied nothing, or gave equivocal answers. Medical applications restored him in some measure to sense and

feeling ; but "the streams of life flowed fast," and Leander saw too plainly that he *must* soon be an orphan.

At this juncture arrived a brother-in-law, whose presence seemed to cheer the dying Anderson. He was now composed and perfectly sensible. He spoke much to Leander, tho' he spoke with difficulty, of the *Death of the Just*," and the prospect of immortality. "Never, my son," said he, "give up the hope of living for ever. It is this alone will make our separation easy ; and deprived of this cheering, soothing hope, I should quit you in despair ; but we are not long to be separated, for the longest period of life is short. How happy then is he, who, by familiarizing his mind with death, has disarmed "the king of terrors" of his dart, and can exclaim, with Addison, in his dying hour, "See in what peace a christian can die." He turned to his brother, "O, Herbert," said he, "My Leander !" His emotion suspended his voice. "All, my dear Anderson," said the kind hearted Herbert, taking Leander's hand, "all that you can require will I fulfill ; henceforth Leander is my child." "Come then, my child," resumed Anderson, in a voice tremulous and

faint, "let me press you once more to my heart. I commit you to God and your uncle. Elvira's spirit hovers over me, and seems to chide my delay. Herbert, farewell. My darling child, adieu. I come, Elvira. Receive me Heaven, and protect my ——." The last word faltered on his tongue; he could add no more; a gentle sigh emancipated his spirit; it fled to its Creator.

The grief which Leander, in consideration of his father's peace had attempted to conceal, became too poignant to be suppressed. His eyes were alternately raised to heaven in supplication, and reverted to the lifeless form, which was once animated with a feeling soul. Herbert possessed more fortitude, if not less feeling. He was not insensible of the loss he had sustained, for humanity lost in Anderson a friend.

Every argument, that reason and religion could suggest, Herbert employed to meliorate the grief of Leander; but he was deaf to consolation. So lately basking in the sunshine of happiness; so suddenly bereft of father and mother, and plunged in the abyss of woe; it was indeed a contrast, which must sensibly affect the heart that ever has known what it is to *feel*.

Leander was all sensibility. In childhood he had often wept at the sufferings of a fly, which his less susceptible playmates tortured for sport. Often had his little hand imparted relief to the necessitous, from the purse with which an indulgent father entrusted him, for the purchase of toys and books. These delicate sensibilities were refined by education; and he was still "tremulously alive" to exquisite feeling. His pillow was bedewed with tears; but sleep at length, that sweet restorer of wearied nature, locked up his griefs in the cabinet of forgetfulness, and the morning found him calm; but it was the calmness that sometimes succeeds the violence of grief.

———'like silent death,'

'After the tumult and the noise of life.'

There was still one painful trial of fortitude. All that was mortal of his father was to be committed to the house appointed for all the living. O, weeping friends who last sad duties we owe to each other. O, clergyman who officiated on the occasion, spoke from his heart, and when he attempted to address the mourner, his

for a while suspended his voice. The
 hour of devotion overcame his emotions.
 He spoke of the virtues of the deceased, and
 commended them with solemn earnest-
 ness for the imitation of the afflicted orphan.
 "When assembled," said he, "not to pro-
 nounce the panegyric of a Hero, or to cele-
 brate the exploits of a conqueror; but to
 pay the last tribute to the memory of a *Man*
 a man who was an honour to humanity;
 whose whole life we may presume to say was
 ruined with a criminal action.
 When did suffering innocence plead to him
 in vain? When did he advocate the cause
 of the oppressor? Mankind were his broth-
 ers, and the God of heaven his father—a
 Father whom he feared to offend. The tears
 of gratitude will be shed upon his tomb.
 The "widow and the fatherless" will mourn
 the loss of a protector. God had endowed
 him with eminent abilities; and he was a
 selfless advocate of the cause of vir-
 tue. His example caught the eye of the
 crowd, and in the midst of his
 feelings poured forth from his heart
 none was like Anderson. His mildness
 and even calmness of temper were
 universally esteemed, and his univer-
 sal reputation was such as to

sally lamented. O, my young friend, live as he lived, that you may die as he died. Mourn not that you have for ever lost a parent and friend. We know your loss is irreparable ; we feel for you ; we sympathise with you ; we are all mourners ; yet we know that God has consolation for the mourner. Look to him, my young friend, look to him for consolation. You are separated but for a season. We hope and trust that he whose death we mourn, is translated to the abodes of celestial beatitude. May we all live in habitual readiness to follow him. Be virtuous then, and the clouds which now envelope the hemisphere will soon break away ; the morning of felicity will soon dawn in bright resplendence."

Leander leaned on his uncle for support, as he followed the remains of his parent to their silent habitation. He was interred in the family vault where had been so recently deposited the partner of his joys. Leander could not descend into the vault. He cast a last farewell look on the coffin. "O, my God !" exclaimed he, and hid his face in his handkerchief.

There is a period, when sorrow, however violent, will listen to reason. Herbert's af-

fectionate attentions were not ineffectual, and the grief of Leander gradually mellowed into that pensive resignation and pleasing melancholy, which one half of the world deride, and the other half cannot comprehend.

Leander had imbibed a most ardent friendship for a youth who had been his class mate at the university, and the attentions he now experienced from his friend, served to heighten this "noblest passion of the human breast."

Edward possessed extraordinary talents, and his manners were extremely fascinating ; but unfortunately his heart delighted in the ruins of innocence. At an early age he had been deprived of both his parents, and had fallen into the hands of tutors who made the culture of the heart no part of the system of education. At the university he became acquainted with Leander, and attempted to make him a proselyte to his libertinism ; but finding him firm in virtue, he felt his own inferiority, and resolved to omit nothing in his power to reduce Leander to a level with himself. Observing his susceptible and unsuspecting temper, he was not without hope that he would in time list-

en to the syren song of temptation. Under the mask of friendship he determined to sap the fortress of his virtue. He cultivated an intimate acquaintance with his intended victim ; humoured his taste, flattered his little native prejudices, and in fine, so ingratiated himself in his affection, that Leander became his most inviolable friend. Self-interest too was a predominant passion in Edward's heart. Though his estate was competent to all the necessities of life, it was far from being adequate to his ambition. Too negligent to improve his fortune by the ordinary methods, he was continually projecting schemes of knavery. He knew that Anderson's fortune would be large, and secretly hoped that he should find some method to draw the unguarded youth into the snare he had so artfully constructed. Such was Edward Somerton. In appearance Leander's bosom friend ; but in reality his most inveterate enemy.

Herbert, in the mean time, became the guardian of Leander, and proposed to his nephew to accompany him to his residence at M———. Leander could find no reasonable pretext to oppose such a proposal, yet his heart lingered at the beloved shades W———, and he reluctantly consented.

CHAPTER III.

' The breathless whirlwinds slept in every cave
And the soft moonbeams danced from wave to,
wave,

Each former bliss in this bright mirror seen.
With all its glories dawn'd upon the scene,
Recall'd the dear auspicious hours anew.

CAWTHORNE.

It was with extreme regret Leander left the place of his nativity, where he had passed so many halcyon days. "Oh my fond heart," would he exclaim, "how hast thou been cheated with illusive visions of happiness! Why did I fondly anticipate substantial happiness on earth? Experience, fatal experience, has taught me that all that is earthly is transient as the gleam of a vapour."

Deeply impressed with this sentiment, he wandered into the garden; his step was pensive and slow; melancholy pervaded his

heart ; dejection sat upon his brow. The gardens, which he himself had assisted to cultivate, were planned with classic taste, and every object conspired to call to his mind the mournful events he had witnessed. Through the middle of the garden run a little canal, on whose banks he had often sported in all the hilarity of juvenile innocence, while a fond parent watched the playful gambols of his darling child, with serene satisfaction, and traced with the eye of paternal partiality, the indication of the man, in his little darling Leander.

It was evening,

“And twilight grey
Had in her sober livery all things clad.”

The moonbeams danced on the surface of the canal, which, as a broad mirror, reflected the thousand glittering orbs that decked the azure face of heaven. “Sainted shade of my father !” exclaimed Leander, “if thou dost still somewhere exist, (and certainly thou must) if thou art permitted to leave thy celestial habitation, and now hoverest over thy disconsolate Leander, bear witness with what regret I leave this hallowed mansion. Thou silver moon, that shed-

dest thy faint rays on yonder placid stream,
 yet twinkling orbs, that guild the spacious
 canopy of heaven, be ye my witnesses, that
 whatever I am doomed to roam, "thou cast
 an orphan on the world's wide stage," still
 memory, too faithful memory, shall record
 these scenes of felicity :

"Still must I cherish the dear sad re-
 membrance,

"At once to torture and to please my
 soul."

Leander pursued the idea until he had
 arranged the following

SONNET.

Adieu ye verdant groves, ye sylvan shades,
 Adieu ye flowers that crown the silent glades,
 Where fond paternal love, pure precepts taught,
 With generous sentiments this bosom fraught,
 Where science first her glowing charms display'd
 In lucid orbes of spotless white array'd.

Bear witness all ye verdant bowers,
 Where gaily pass'd the halcyon days of youth,
 Ere yet this bosom ever swerv'd from truth,

And friendship cheer'd the fleeting hours ;
 Bear witness that a tear unheeded fell,
 As I reluctant bade you all farewell ;
 And as the scene receded from my view,
 I paus'd, I stopp'd to take a last adieu.

He was interrupted by the sound of footsteps approaching. He turned ; " my Edward !" He could say no more, but flew to his embrace.

Their interview was all tenderness and friendship ; Leander hung on the arm of his friend. " This was kind, my Edward ; you knew my misfortunes, you pitied, and flew to offer the consolations of friendship."

Edward was engaging in his manners, and possessed in an eminent degree, the power of attracting the attention. By leading Leander, from one subject to another, with indescribable facility, he soon dissipated the sombre cloud from his brow.

How unfortunate that the graces and the virtues are so seldom united ! If to Edward's talents, had been joined Leander's heart, he might have shone a bright constellation in the literary and moral hemispheres.

Next morning Herbert prepared to return to M——, and Somerton cheerfully accepted an invitation to accompany him.— They arrived, and were introduced by Herbert to his daughters, two amiable girls, the one nineteen, and the other seventeen. Edward and Leander were charmed with the prospect, which was wild and picturesque.

Leander frequently reverted a look towards his own native vale, and remembered with a tear the sad occurrence which had torn him from his home.

Herbert welcomed his guests with the sincerity of honest friendship, while Harriet and Eliza assumed towards Leander that gentle and attentive deportment, so happily calculated to hush the remembrance of his griefs.

— Mr. Herbert had committed to the tomb the most amiable of wives, and the best of mothers, ere his daughters were of an age to be sensible of the loss they sustained.— They had been carefully and tenderly educated, and their manners, though dissimilar, were equally pleasing. Harriet was mild, sedate, and thoughtful ; Eliza was gay, artless, and unsuspecting.

Leander found himself happy in their society, and Edward (to use his own language) began to think Eliza “a delicate little piece,” while she, unawares, looked with an eye of partiality on his accomplishments.

A few days rolled away very agreeably, and Edward returned to his residence in the metropolis ; and with him vanished Eli-

za's peace of mind. His appearance interested her in his behalf, and his conversation completed his victory over her heart. In every scene of amusement, she found there was something wanting; and her hours of reflection, which used to be occupied in a pleasing retrospect of the past, and in forming the most flattering ideas of the future, were now sadly reversed. She became pensive and sad, she knew not why, nor once dreamt that the cause of her uneasiness was love.

That sly, insinuating passion, had crept unperceived into her bosom, and embittered her every enjoyment.

CHAPTER IV.

" Her faultless shape appear'd with every grace,
" While beauty sat triumphant in her face.
" Her hair, the palest brown, in ringlets flow'd,
" And charms beyond the reach of art bestow'd,
" Her forehead white as snow, her radiant eyes
" The bright celestial blue that paints the skies,
" Her aspect, open, artless and serene,
" Reveal'd the spotless mind that dwelt within."

Mrs. ROWE's Letters.

GRADUALLY did Leander resume, in some degree, his wonted cheerfulness, but the remembrance of his misfortunes still cast a shade of melancholy over his mind ; but it was a pleasing melancholy, such as the feeling heart never wished to resign. He was an admirer of nature, and delighted in long and solitary rambles among the charming rural scenes with which the village abounded. In these rambles, his heart ascended to nature's God. When all was quiet around, when full orb'd Cynthia

rose in mild resplendence, and myriads of worlds twinkled in the azure concave, then would his heart glow with enthusiasm, and the presence of Deity was felt. His heart looked up in confidence to the parent of universal nature, and his soul embraced the whole human race as his brothers.

Filled with this idea, Leander thought not of the length of his walk, and following the course of a winding rivulet, he reached, the beautiful grove in front of a mansionhouse built in the style of a cottage. The trees were in full verdure, and the flowers with which nature had embellished the scene, wafted the sweet perfumes of Arcadia ; and through the midst of the grove the rivulet bent its course, and was lost in a bordering lake.

On a moss covered mound of turf, on the bank of the stream, was seated a female form, fair as the fabled Venus of the grove. By the full gleam of Luna, objects could be distinctly seen. She was leaning her cheek on her hand, in a contemplative attitude ; her light brown hair waved in graceful ringlets on her snowy neck ; her complexion displayed the unrivalled whiteness of the lily tinged with the deep blush of the rose.

The thickness of the foliage permitted him to approach her unperceived; he doubted at first whether she was an inhabitant of the terrestrial soil, or some sylvan goddess of the grove. He approached silently, and heard her, with a voice exquisitely harmonious, repeat the following lines.

Bright Phœbus, kind, propitious god of day,
Descends behind yon western hills ;
Still evening o'er the earth, her mantle throws,
The varied landscape can no charms disclose,
Till Cynthia shed her silver ray
O'er flowery groves, and murmuring rills.

Adieu, the noise and bustle of the day,
Adieu to each terrestrial care ;
Welcome still evening in thy pensive guise,
Welcome ye starry orbs that grace the skies,
That deck the æthereal space in bright array;
She, who would shun you but despair.,

See on the surface of the limpid stream,
The silver moonbeams gently play ;

Cerulean rivulet, how calm serene
 Thy rippling current flows the rocks between ;
 Depicted stars on the blue surface gleam,
 And shed around a lucid ray.

Thus when soft zephyrs fan its gentle waves,
 Serene it flows, and every flow'ret laves—
 And thus soft hope on my lorn bosom gleams,
 Thus soothes my sorrows with her cheering beams.

Leander stood fixed in astonishment. An unusual sensation played round his heart, for which he found it difficult to account. The village clock tolled eight ; she rose and bent her steps toward the cottage.

A stoic heart could not behold her with indifference ; but Leander was all sensibility ; and his mind susceptible of soft impressions. " What can this mean," mused he on his way home ; " why beats my heart with such unknown sensations ? Sure she was more than mortal.

' Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould
 Breathe such divine, enchanting harmony—
 ' Sure something holy lodges in that breast.' "

He retired to rest, but the evening's adventure had " scared the phantom sleep,"
 MILTON'S COMUS.

and when from the chambers of the orient, beamed the golden sun, he could not hail the morning with the same serene, tranquil joy, which had hitherto animated his peaceful bosom.

A packet of letters arrived with the morning papers; Herbert broke the seal, and read as follows :

Philadelphia.

To the heart of sensibility it is unnecessary to observe, that the only remaining branch of my brother's family, possesses a large share of my affection. It was the intention of my most excellent brother, to dedicate his son in the profession in which he acquired a reputation which will endear his memory to posterity. He is gone forever, and our duty, from the tomb which contains his ashes, reverts to the orphan committed to our charge.

I doubt not your ability or inclination to guide him "in the way he should go," yet I presume I shall be pardoned for suggesting the propriety of the youths immediately engaging in some business or study. His talents are brilliant, his heart

Cerule open and generous, and his passions warm
 Thy ri and vigorous. To launch into life with
 Depic no steady profession, would certainly
 And be dangerous, and might prove fatal
 Thus Neither is it consistent with justice,
 Serene that this plant of genius should wither in the
 And th shade.
 Thus s

In a government like ours, where the
 first offices of the state are open to all who
 have talents and virtue to fill them with pro-
 priety, and *our rulers are chosen from*
among ourselves, it becomes the duty of
 every parent and guardian, to train up
 our youth in the path of usefulness and
 honour. Should my nephew incline to the
 study of the law, it may be conducive to
 his interest to acquire the customary initia-
 tion in this city, under the care of Mr.
 Granville, a gentleman of brilliant talents,
 and unexceptionable character.

My sons, Edwin and George, are flat-
 tering themselves that Leander will accept
 the proposal, and I am confident my young
 friend will find attractions in Philadelphia
 sufficient to induce him to spend a few
 months, with us, even if he should not accede

He
 entur

to the other proposal. Edwin and George have written to Leander on the subject. It is unnecessary to protract this letter to a greater length than to add, that

I am yours, &c.

H. ANDERSON.

Leander heard this letter with emotion. The writer was the brother of the worthy man whose death we have recorded.

Leander's grief for an irreparable loss had not arrived at that period when the recollection brings along with it only a sigh or tear; he was still unable to converse on the subject, with any degree of composure. This letter was calculated to call up afresh the memory of the best of parents; by turns he smiled in approbation, and sighed in sorrow. His cousins' letters were interesting, and he read them with peculiar pleasure.

There is an irresistible tie of consanguinity, which links the members of the same family together, though they may have little intercourse with each other. Leander felt for his cousins, (though he had never seen them) all the affection of a brother.

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“Had we claimed a common parent,” said he, “I could not have loved them more.”

“This letter,” said Herbert, still holding it in his hand, “speaks exactly my feelings. I have already had similar ideas. I know, Leander, you will regret to leave us, but your own good sense will point out the impossibility of our living always together. Let us hear your opinion; do you approve the plan?” “I shall yield to your determination,” said Leander. “You, my dear Sir, I consider as my guardian and guide.” A servant announced the arrival of Somerton, to whom Leander immediately imparted the proposal. Edward was disappointed; he dreaded the effect of an acquaintance with the world on the unsuspecting temper of Leander.

When it was at length decided that Leander should accept the proposal, his regret was visible; but the generous Leander attributed it to a far different motive, believing that it arose from the idea that they must be separated for a season, and thanked Heaven, that while he lamented the fatal catastrophe which had made him

an orphan, there was still one whom he could address with the endearing appellation of *friend* ; a name that expresses more than can be comprehended by vulgar minds.

If the art of laughing at disappointment is philosophy, Edward was a profound philosopher. He suffered nothing to interrupt the volatility of his spirits, and when one deep laid plot was overturned, he laboured to construct others, more intricate in their natures, and less liable to interruption. He was, as usual, polite, affable and attentive to all ; but to Eliza he was particularly attentive, while the artless girl, secretly satisfied with this flattering attention, resumed her native gaiety, and there was not a sad heart among them.

CHAPTER V.

"They lov'd—but such their guileless passion
was,
As in the dawn of time inform'd the heart
Of innocence and undissembled truth—
'Twas friendship heighten'd by the mutual wish,
The enchanting hope, the sympathetic glow,
Beam'd from the mutual eye."

THOMPSON.

HARRIOT proposed to the little party to make a visit at Mr. Stanhope's. The proposal was cheerfully accepted; but what were Leander's sensations, when in the lovely Amelia Stanhope he recognized the same unknown fair whose unexpected appearance had filled his mind with such new and strange emotions.

She received the little party with that easy dignity, and native simplicity of manners, which never fail to attract the attention of people of discernment. If Ander-

son was captivated with her merely personal accomplishments, he was now doubly charmed with the beauties of her mind, the elegance of her manners, and the sublimity of her sentiments. He had now an opportunity to examine attentively the lineaments of her countenance. There was an expression in it of the mild and interesting nature, that impressed on the mind of the beholder a belief that a soul dwelt within.

Among the peculiarities of Leander, in defence of which he daily brought forward his whole store of rhetoric, was a predilection for physiognomy. "That that man carries the traits of his immortal part in his countenance," he would say, "is evident to every attentive observer. It is the impress of Deity, and the traits of intelligence, which we discern in the lineaments of the features, and expression of the eye, may be emphatically styled the "image of God."

With such an opinion, he could not fail to be delighted with Miss Stanhope. Hers was just such a countenance as Lavater

would have delighted to contemplate. His was no less interesting. There was an expression of pensiveness in it, which suppressed somewhat of its animation, but rendered it not less pleasing. Intelligence beamed in every glance of his expressive eyes. But when Amelia spoke, all other beauties were eclipsed in the delicacy of her sentiments, and the purity of her language.

It is pleasing to observe the similarity of taste and feeling, which will insensibly attract people together. Leander knew not what it was to love; but his young heart began to suspect that he now felt something extremely like it. Not a word that fell from Amelia was lost by him; and she as eagerly noticed the observations of Leander. In vain did Leander attempt to attend to some other object; he was attracted by a powerful charm, and his eyes reverted to Amelia. Absence did not entirely separate them. Her image was deeply engraven on his heart, and even in his dreams she was not absent.

The next morning found him thoughtful. "Amelia, Amelia," mused he, "what an air ! what a shape ! Are our natures then so extremely susceptible ? Could I be captivated in a moment ? This must be love, or what can it be ?

When the family assembled at breakfast, his thoughtfulness and absence of mind, rendered him the general object of raillery.

"What, my boy," said Herbert, "have you left your heart at Mr. Stanhope's ?

"See how he blushes," exclaimed Edward.

Leander's confusion encreased. "In my youth," resumed Herbert, "blushes were considered an indication of guilt. What do they signify in the modern vocabulary, Harriot ?" "Modesty," was the reply. "And sometimes love," rejoined Somerton. "Love at first sight, my nephew !" resumed Herbert ; "well, seriously, Leander, I wish it were so. Amelia is a fine girl, and worthy to possess the heart of a man of honour, and make him happy."

Leander felt happy when the arrival of the morning papers changed the conver-

sation. As soon as Leander was alone with Edward, he imparted the impressions his "pretty fair one" had made on his mind. "That's your sort," exclaimed Edward; "but why do you hesitate to address your fair Dulcinea? you will not find her virtue inflexible."

Leander started. An involuntary blush overspread his countenance. Edward alone could have made such an observation without exciting his resentment. "Edward," said he coolly, "you mistake my views; Amelia will find in me a lover as constant, tender, and as chaste as ever was depicted in romance. No punishment would be severe enough for the wretch who would tarnish her honour."

"Would you marry her then?"

"I am yet much too young to think of a matrimonial connection, but I should think myself superlatively happy with such a wife."

"When you know more of the world, Leander, you will find you *can do without a wife*. A mistress will answer all the purposes of a man of fashion; and when you

discover that interest is the governing principle among mankind, when you find them all false and hypocritical"—

"Shall I find all this?" interrupted Leander, "then may I never know the world.

Edward found he had gone too far.

"And did you really believe me in earnest Leander? No, my friend, go on in the path of virtue. Pardon your Edward, for this trial of your sentiments." Leander clasped his hand with his usual warmth. "This," said he, "restores all again; but Edward, beware of trying my sentiments too often."

Edward began now to despair of overturning his virtue. The sentiments of honour and propriety were engraven too deeply in his heart to be quickly eradicated; and this false, insinuating friend, thought it prudent for the present, to abandon the pursuit.

CHAPTER VI.

‘Who can behold such beauty and be silent ;
‘Oh, I could talk of thee forever ;
‘Forever fix and gaze on those dear eyes,
‘For every glance they send, darts through in
soul.”

OTWAY.

UNKNOWN to each other, the grove became the favorite retreat, both of Leander and Amelia. Perhaps the distinguished characteristic of a true passion, is diffidence. Leander wished, yet dreaded to meet the idol of his heart ; often he was on the point of visiting her, yet as often a sort of bashful timidity restrained him. He had read the passion of love, pourtrayed by the pen of the poet and the novelist and descriptions he had considered as the offspring of a luxurious fancy, he now found could be realized by the heart “Could I have thought,” mused he “that this heart could have been so readily en-

laved. I have seen the fashionable females of the day ; I have seen those who were admired for their beauty, but I could gaze on them without this fluttering emotion. Oh love, mysterious love, what art thou ; by what mighty magic dost thou work such astonishing effects ?" He was interrupted by the sweet notes of a guitar ; he turned and beheld Amelia. She was seated on a little tuft at the foot of an aged elm ; her music book lay open before her, and while her fingers swept the strings, Leander almost fancied himself in some enchanted land. She played a little, wild, irregular air, and accompanied it with a voice inexpressibly soft and melodious. Leander listened with extreme emotion to the following stanzas.

FANCY.

The dappled morning rose serene,
Aurora blush'd in orient skies.
When Fancy, nymph of angel mien,
Lightly tripp'd the flowery green,
And at my casement call'd " arise, arise !

"Rise and hail the rosy dawn,
"Hark, the muses bid thee rise,
"Rise, and tread the dewy lawn,
"Morning gilds the orient skies."

Obedient to the heavenly maid,
Mysterious visions fly,
Then thro' fancy's fairy grove,
Where the dryads love to rove,
With careless ease I stray'd,
And snatch'd a transient joy,
And gazing on the rippling stream,
Still indulg'd the waking dream.

Then the nymph her fairy flowers
Strew'd around the verdant bowers ;
O'er the gay scene, her magic wand she threw,
And fair, Arcadian landscapes rose to view.

Now the shepherd youths were seen,
Leading their flocks to pastures green,
While the wood nymphs tripp'd along
In gay responsive dance,
And as the 'rosy hours advance,'
Oft they touch'd the trembling lyre,
Oft they wak'd the muse's fire,
And joined the woodland warbler's song.

Soon the child of fond delusion,
Chang'd the fairy scene,
And with aspect all confusion,

Flung her flow'ry garland by ;
A tear gemm'd in her azure eye,
And pensive was her mein.

Amaz'd, I view'd a weeping maid,
Her brow with willows twin'd,
Beneath a cypress shade
In pensive mood reclia'd,
Sighing her woes to every passing wind,

' Oh, why [she cried] was Ellen doom'd
' To mourn Alonzo dead !
' Beneath this shade he lies entomb'd,
' Beneath this turf rests my Alonzo's head,
' Alonzo's gone, and hope from Ellen fled.'

My bosom heav'd responsive sighs,
I pitied Ellen's woe,
And tears began to flow,
When turning round in sweet surprise,
Such beauteous prospects rise,
I soon forgot the tear I shed,
Forgot the pensive Ellen's care,
Forgot Alonzo dead,
A nation's bliss to share.

And now no more the rural theme,
The pastoral sonnet, and the sylvan dream,
Possess the power to please ;
No more I court the rural shade,
No longer wander in the silent glade,
To inhale the western breeze.

But fancy wafts me o'er the plains,
Where the mountain goddess reigns ;
Where freedom's vot'ry's round her altar throng,
And raise to liberty the votive song.

But, oh, what grief worn groups appear,
E'en on Columbia's plains ;
Hear it, Virginia, Carolina hear,
Perhaps some prince of Afric's fertile plain,
Now drags the oppressor's chain.
Blush, blush Columbia, and no more
Permit a slave to dwell on freedom's hallow'd
shore ;
Thus fancy spoke, then chang'd the scene again,
And shew'd the relling barque, toss'd on the an-
gry main.

Now a dark cloud the skies deform,
Now, tremendous roars the storm,
And fancy whispers, fear Lorenzo's doom,
' Perhaps Lorenzo finds a watery tomb'
She spoke, the vessel sunk beneath the wave,
Lorenzo, fancy, hope, all found a watery grave.

Leander's sensibility was exquisite ; a
romantic enthusiasm was rising within him.
In the true spirit of adventure, he respond-
ed to the sweet musician, with

‘ Hark, what distant music melts upon the ear,
‘ So sweet the strains, the symphonies so clear,
‘ Some seraph sure, has touch’d his golden lyre.’

Amelia started. Nothing could equal her astonishment when she beheld Leander. Her confusion would scarcely permit her to listen to one word of his apology for intruding on her retirement. “ May I ask, said Leander, hesitatingly, “ who is the author of the ode you have so admirably performed ?”

“ Indeed Sir,” answered Amelia, “ the lines are the production of an author, to whom it may naturally be supposed I should be partial. They are the fugitive effusions of a mind perhaps rather too much under the dominion of imagination ; but had I been apprised of my auditor, I might probably have entertained him with a more popular performance.”

Leander again entreated her pardon for his intrusion, assuring her it was merely accidental. “ Why,” replied she pleasantly, “ since you appear not to have any design to rob our orchard, or injure our plea-

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sure grounds, I presume you may be pardoned."

Encouraged by her pleasantry, Leander begged permission to conduct her home. She was not prude enough to deny so innocent a gratification, and Leander blessed the opportunity that brought them together. Yet so diffident is true love, he could not assume sufficient courage to speak of his attachment. When they separated, he entreated permission to wait on her at her father's. With a smile of condescending sweetness, she assured him her parents would esteem themselves honored with his attention.

When Leander retired, a thousand tormenting ideas floated on his mind. He could think of nothing but Amelia, and the Lorenzo of her poem. Almost would he have consented to have been in the situation where she placed her Lorenzo; to have been like him, remembered by Amelia. More than once did he reproach himself for omitting so favorable an opportunity to disclose his love.

The night rolled away heavily, and he

was a stranger to sleep. Next day, availing himself of the permission of Amelia, he waited on her parents for their permission to address the daughter. Already had a mutual interchange of heart taken place ; the tender union only waited to be confirmed by the lips.

This mutual attachment received the approbation of her parents, and the youthful lovers, in the presence of Omniscience, vowed eternal constancy. The joyous moments now flitted on golden pinions ; the sun of prosperity arose in bright resplendence, and shed the prolific rays of expected happiness over the gay landscape of futurity.

CHAPTER VII.

“ Thus when enwrapt in Howard’s guise,
“ To mortals lent from yonder skies,
“ And borne on mercy’s wing,
“ The depth of human woe is sought,
“ With lenient balm assuaging fraught,
“ Returning light to bring:”

MRS. MURRAY.

IN the character of Leander, active benevolence was a distinguishing trait, and many of the cottagers had reason to regret his departure. He walked out with his cousins, to bid a long adieu to the village. “ Can there be any thing, my Harriot,” said he, “ that can afford such exquisite rapture to the heart as the blest employment of *doing good* ? For my part, I have ever wondered how those beings can be called happy, whose hearts are void of sympathy for the distressed.”

“ Yet what avails sympathy,” said Eliza, “ where active generosity is wanting ? Let us call those the truly benevolent, who

cheer the lonely hut of poverty, and drive pale sorrow from the mansion of the oppressed." "You say right, my Eliza; as well may our hearts be under the icy dominion of apathy, if we commiserate the woes of others, only with a sigh or a tear. Let us, my dear girls, to whom a propitious Providence has entrusted a considerable portion of his common bounty for the good of man, let us be the faithful stewards of our Master. The great Howard "went about doing good."

"From realm to realm, with cross or crescent
crown'd,
"Where'er mankind in misery are found,
"Thro' burning wastes, deep wilds, and fields
of snow,
"Thy Howard, journeying, see's the house of
woe."²

"What a fine sentiment is contained in these lines. "From realm to realm with cross or crescent crown'd." Not distinguishing a particular nation, sect, or party, when man is distressed, it becomes our du-

* Darwin,

ty to relieve him, as a brother of the same common family, a child of the same common Parent, though he range under the banner of the Cross, or revere a Deity in the laws of the Koran, or wander in the devious mazes of infidelity. Let us resemble our Heavenly Father, who "sends his rain on the just and the unjust."

As he finished speaking, they came in view of a small but neat cottage. "'There,'" said Eliza, "dwells one who has missed that

"Tide in the affairs of men,
"Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune."

Here the benevolent Howard's heart would expand with generous feeling." "Then," resumed Leander, "the *disciples* of Howard may here find employment; let us enter."

Leander was surprised at the order and neatness every where apparent; an elderly lady, whose countenance expressed a degree of refinement, considerably superior to the generality of people in that condition

in life, sat busily employed with her needle; a little girl stood beside her, apparently about four years old, and extremely beautiful. An old gentleman was reading, and Leander was astonished to observe several polite authors on a table, among which was an edition of Shakespeare.

The young ladies introduced their cousin, and they were received with a degree of politeness, which shewed that the cottagers had been familiar with the etiquette of fashion. After a few moments general conversation, Harriot and Eliza retired with the old lady, and the old gentleman entered into conversation with Leander, and exhibited a mind naturally great, but rather disordered. His acquaintance with polite literature was familiar; his sentiments were correct, his portraits glowing, and when he spoke of misfortune, he spoke from *feeling*. "Alas, young man," said he, "capricious are all fortune's favours, and he who now lolls in his chariot, may soon be reduced to beggary and want."

"While these hands," continued he, "were able to procure a scanty livelihood,

I was not dependent on benevolence for support, but grief and sickness have reduced me to my present situation.'

Leander felt extremely interested. 'Your manner Sir,' said he, 'is indicative of a mind superior to your station ; I presume you have seen better days. Could my bosom be trusted as the repository of your griefs, nothing in my power shall be omitted to relieve them.'

'Youth,' replied he, 'such observations are not frequent ; amid the thoughtless gaiety of wealth, few, very few are disposed to listen to my *'woe fraught tale.'* I tell it often to the wild brook, but it steals silently on, regardless of my plaint ; I tell it to the torrent, but like *unfeeling man*, it roars incessantly, and will not listen to my story. The echoing hills responsive sigh, and the gentle zephyrs whisper my tale to the trees they fan. And can you, young stranger, leave the scenes of felicity which every where surround you, to listen to an old man's history, whose whitened locks and pallid visage denote a life fraught with misfortunes ? If so, your heart is differently

moulded from the fashionable throng, who flutter in the giddy vortex of dissipation and folly.'

Leander was affected. 'If the recital of your griefs be not too painful, I entreat you, Sir, to repose them in confidence in my bosom ; perhaps I have the power to assuage, if not to heal.' 'Heal ! no, 'tis impossible ! Can you bring back lost innocence, resuscitate the dead, or render that spotless which is contaminated with the foul touch of seduction ? If not, my wounds can never heal.' Perceiving Leander's emotion, he continued, 'I distress you, Sir, pardon me. You weep youth ; I too have wept at sorrows, by adoption mine. These hands have sustained the suffering, have succoured the distressed. Mighty God ! where is thy justice now ; but—(pausing) the Deity is just, however unsearchable his ways.' The ladies now returned, and put an end to the conversation.

To conceal his emotion, Leander attempted to play with the little girl, admiring her beauty. The old lady sighed, and a tear fell from her eye. ~~Leander contin-~~

ed to slip his purse into the little Theodora's hand, and they took their leave. At parting, the old gentleman squeezed Leander's hand, and whispered, 'Since you have expressed a desire to know my fate, if you will spare an hour from happier employments tomorrow, your curiosity shall be gratified.'

Leander gained what information he could of his cousins, with respect to old Williamson, and learned that he had been hired by his uncle a few years since, as a gardener. 'He has been industrious,' said Harriot, 'but extremely unfortunate. His health had been on the decline, and for some time past he has been unable to work.' 'He appears to have received an education,' said Leander, 'much superior to his present station. I should suppose he was born in affluence. Harriot we must make him happy.'

Leander now felt himself as happy as he could wish, and with such blissful prospects before him, who could be otherwise than happy? His bosom glowed with philanthropy, his heart was open and generous

and an indulgent Providence seemed to delight in bestowing on him all that it was possible for man to enjoy. There was but one painful sensation intruded on his mind, the thought of leaving a society where he felt himself so perfectly happy. But when he considered that he was acting in conformity with reason, and the advice of those whom he considered as qualified to direct him ; when he reflected how soon the time would flit away, and above all, when he reflected that he was *too young* to enter into a matrimonial connection with Amelia, his regrets vanished ; and as the day approached when he was to leave for a season, the peaceful plains of M——, he hailed its approach with a serene and quiet mind.

In the society of Amelia, he was happy in the most unlimited sense of the term. They were both tolerable proficient in music, drawing, and poetry, and every interview disclosed more fully the similarity of their tastes and pursuits. Amelia had sketched a portraiture of Thomson's Lavinia, gleaning in the fields of Palemon.* It

*See Seasons.

was executed with taste, and displayed a considerable share of genius. Leander drew a portrait of McKenzie's Sir Edward, taking leave of Louisa. A mutual exchange took place, and they promised to preserve them as mementos of each other. 'This moment I leave you, Louisa ; I go to be wretched, you may be happy.' The passage could not be obliterated from Leander's mind. The book lay in the window ; Leander opened to his favorite scene, and read with emotion : ' This, said he, if Louisa will accept it, may sometimes serve to put her in mind of him who once offended, but shall never cease to adore her.' ' Will my Amelia too accept a portrait of her Leander, (and he drew a miniature from his pocket book.) This may put my Amelia in mind of him who hopes he never shall offend, and certainly shall never cease to adore her.'

' Yes Leander,' said Amelia, ' as coming from you it will be valuable. When I gaze on it, I trust I shall never forget my plighted faith to its original.'

CHAPTER VIII.

- Deep channels sunk around his eyes,
- While from their balls distracted glare,
- Looks forth the meagre fiend despair.
- Alas for many a tedious year,
- His only solace was a tear ;
- But now by time, that source is dried,
- And that last solace is denied.
- Methinks thro' some small grate afar,
- He nightly woos the polar star ;
- That ever settled as his woes,
- Is all the sympathy he knows.'

MERRY.

LEANDER formed a variety of conjectures, as to the story of old Williamson, which occupied his mind till the appointed hour. With an hasty step he traced the path he had trodden. A spreading elm extended its branches and formed a shade in the cottage yard. Here Williamson was seated ; his little grand child was playing by his side, ornamenting her head with wreaths of natural flowers.

'Are you then faithful to your appointment,' said he, 'is it sympathy, is it compassion that prompts your attention? Mark me, I ask not your sympathy, I court not your compassion. These sentiments are rarely inmates in the *rich man's* breast, Yet methinks there is something in your countenance that bespeaks a mind the soft residence of every generous feeling. Am I mistaken? or do I behold before me an *uncommon character*? Uncommon, I say, for riches and insolence are commonly united.'

Leander seated himself by his side, and took his hand affectionately.

'This is my parlour,' resumed Williamson, 'I sit here for hours when I am able to leave the house, and this instrument. (taking up a violin that lay by his side) is my companion. See, youth, if it will not speak my sorrows. He touched the instrument with a delicate hand. After one or two melancholy airs he accompanied it with a voice, softly melodious, and musically majestic.

Leander listened, and his memory retained the following

STANZAS.

- Black night o'er the concave is spread,
• Hoarse winds thro' the forest trees roar,
• Far echoes the sound of my tread,
• And the sea rolls its surf on the shore.
- Hail scene of terrific dismay !
• Thy horrors compare with my own,
• As fill'd with deep anguish I stray,
• As bursts from my bosom the groan.
- I once knew the pleasures of peace,
• And innocence dwelt in my heart,
• Fair friendship gave rapture to ease,
• And love could its transport impart,
- What extacy dwelt in my soul,
• When my Julia with happiness smil'd,
• What joys thro' my bosom oft stole,
• When her tear soft compassion beguil'd,
- But hark ! on the crags of the rock,
• Swift destruction what shatter'd ship seeks ?
• How its timbers are torn with the shock !
• How the agoniz'd passenger shrieks.
- Compar'd with my anguish, how faint
• Are the horrors that fill him with care ;
• His fancy destruction may paint,
• But he knows not the woe of despair.

‘What waves on the vessel are driven !
‘How the surf throws its foam on the deck !
‘What thunders roll dreadful thro’ heaven !
What light’nings illumine the wreck !

‘But soft——see the storm dies away,
‘The beams of the morning appear,
‘Hope to him may a promise display,
‘But my bosom she never can cheer.’

‘There my young friend,’ said he, ‘will it not speak my sorrows ? It is all the friend I have left.’

‘Not *all* the friend,’ interrupted Leander, ‘in your presence is a friend to all mankind ; who feels in a particular manner, for one who has been unfortunate. The child of sorrow is my brother, and shall be supported with a brother’s fondness.’

‘It is to be wished, young man,’ rejoined Williamson, ‘that you may never exchange these sentiments. But the world is full of snares, and ‘friendship is a jewel we seldom can meet.’ I have been active on this motley theatre ; I have experienced

every passion, perhaps every emotion, of which the heart of man is capable. I have known prosperity; and scenes of pleasure danced before my eyes; my fancy was cheated with the expectation of happiness; I wooed the phantom felicity, and when she appeared within my reach, she has still eluded my eager arms. I grasped the lovely vision! it fled, fled forever! and left me to exclaim with the poet,

‘ Swift is the flight of wealth unnumber’d want,
‘ Brood of voluptuousness cry out aloud,
‘ Necessity.

‘ I too have known adversity; I have seen the face of apathy frown indignantly at my distresses, and the swarms of sycophants who once thronged at my board, fled with my fortune.——But I trifle with your time, Sir. Pardon me, I am a miserable old man, and my head has grown quite giddy with misfortune.’

There was something in his voice and manner extremely interesting. Leander’s heart was all sensibility. A tear rolled

down his cheek ; a fashionable son of levity would have sneered at his *weakness* ; but Leander had not yet learned to be ashamed of the finest feelings of nature. Williamson continued, ' I was born, Sir, in the town of ——— in the State of Pennsylvania, of parents wealthy and respectable, from whom I received an education suited to my station in life, and from them I imbibed all the pure sentiments of morality, united to the finest feelings of benevolence. My parents have long since sought the regions of happiness. They quitted this 'dirty planet' long ere affliction began to lower on their ill fated child. Hope, that gay, delusive phantom, smiled deceitfully at my birth, and seemed to promise years of happiness, unmarked by any uncommon calamity. Alas ! how was I cheated with ideal bliss ! The first misfortune of which my young heart was sensible, was the death of my parents, who exchanged the present life for prospects of a glorious immortality, nearly together. I was then in my seventeenth year, and felt most severely an affliction so poignant. But the natural vivacity of my

disposition, soon dissipated my sorrows, and though the peace of my heart had suffered a severe wound, I permitted it soon to cicatrize again.

‘Till this era, my bosom had been the soft residence of every joyous emotion ; but now a sable cloud over cast the horizon, and the future events of my life are traced by the sombre pencil of misery. My parents were natives of England ; I was their only child, and except a distant relation of my mother’s, who, from a native churlishness of disposition, avoided all intercourse with our family, I could claim no kindred in America.

‘Left destitute of friends, except such as my interest procured, without a guardian or protector, it would not have been an uncommon incident, had I given a loose to passion’s fatal sway. I then viewed mankind through the telescope of fancy, and I really imagined the existence of love, of friendship, of humanity, in the human heart. Happy delusion, how many are thy votaries now ! But youth, *’tis delusion all.* Love, thy syren love, with a *‘sweetly sooth-*

ing strain, lures our approach to ruin ; friendship degenerates into selfishness, and humanity, real humanity, is rarely to be found.——But to return to my narrative. My figure, Sir, was what the world has been pleased to call engaging ; and joined to an uncommon share of sensibility, and an adequate proportion of glittering ore, procured for me an herd of flatterers, called friends ; among whom was one whose real name I shall conceal under that of Hortensius. He was a person of elegant exterior, and soon permanently engaged my affections. He introduced me to a set of dissolute companions, who delighted in the spoils of ruined innocence. With this abandoned set, I submitted to a tedious routine of what was called pleasure, till I found my health impaired, and my fortune considerably diminished. My heart had ever told me *I was wrong* ; I examined it with candour, I found it was in error, and I could not be happy. I resolved to retrace the uneasy path I had trodden ; but what a task ! Oh, youth, did you but know the pain attendant on a return to virtue, did

you but know the painful struggles between the fear of being laughed at, and the dictates of conscious honour, you would never, never stray from the path of rectitude. Such is the depravity of the world, that to appear respectable, one must sometimes affect to be more vicious than he really is ; and if a youth has the courage to ' examine the ways of his heart,' to retract false opinions, or erroneous or vicious practices, not one will assist him in the arduous employment ; his companions ridicule his timidity, and the more sensible and virtuous few, are more disposed to doubt his sincerity, than to confirm his resolutions.

Such I found it ; yet, with all these disadvantages, I gave my voice on the side of virtue. In the prime of youth, I listened to conscience, and found felicity in the sincere practice of virtue.'

He paused. ' Perhaps, Sir, I tire your patience ; I dwell on trivial circumstances ; but you are young, you are just entering into life. Had these cautions been impressed on my mind, I had never deviated from the path of propriety. Well says the poet,

‘Vice is a monster of such hateful mein,
As to be hated, needs but to be seen.’

‘Conscious of the truth of this remark, she assumes some specious disguise, and lures her victims to her treacherous embrace, and having cheated them awhile with false hopes of happiness, she throws off the mask that hid her natural deformity, and discloses a form more hideous than hydra.

‘My companions ridiculed my *reformation*, as they gravely termed it, but the serene satisfaction I experienced in the calm moments of reflection, outweighed the sarcasms of those who deserved my pity, rather than indignation. I consulted my inclination, to know what business I should follow. I felt a sort of partiality for merchandise; it was the occupation of my father; perhaps that determined my choice. My profits were considerable, and I was talked of as an accomplished young man, whose fortunes were established.

‘I was what the world calls a happy man, when at a public assembly I met the too

lovely Julia. Though faded are those beauties now, her form was then uncommonly attractive. Her beauty attracted my attention, but her virtue captivated my heart. To be short, Sir, we both loved. Our mutual attachment received the approbation of her parents, and we were shortly after married. I now fancied I had reached the summit of felicity. The morn of life rose serenely, and I flattered myself with an *eternal noon* ! I had no idea that my fortune was exhaustible, and we lived in a style of elegance exceeded by few. Our establishment was showy, and our house became the fashionable resort of the beau-monde. But we forgot not the distressed ; we fostered the dying, we succored the miserable. When I think of these things, and memory has too faithfully preserved them, the weakness of nature will arise. I have long been familiar with sorrow, yet the remembrance of former felicity still preys upon my mind. Go youth, at present I cannot proceed. If my dull narration is sufficiently interesting to command another interview, I will finish the tedious story.'

Leander's heart was too full to attempt an alleviation of the sorrows that appeared to be harrowed up in the bosom of Williamson. He barely bade him adieu ; but there was a look accompanying that adieu, which was as a ray of pleasure to the old man's soul. It was the aspect of generosity, softened by pity and concern.

CHAPTER XI.

- No narrow views could bound his lib'ral mind,
- His friend was man, his party human kind,
MORRIS'S Sensibility.

NEXT day, at dinner, Leander joined a large company, which his benevolent uncle had collected to render the short period of his stay among them as agreeable as possible. The conversation turned on politics. Leander was no politician, yet he felt the fire of freedom in his heart. A republican government was his delight, and his heart venerated the heroic band who dared, even within the reach of arbitrary power, to blow the trump of freedom throughout a subject continent.

Herbert was an old revolutionary soldier, and when he related the heroic struggles of his compatriots, to rear the standard of in-

dependences in this once subject country, Leander dwelt with trembling eagerness on every word.

A gentleman present, asked Leander's opinion which of the two popular parties in America he believed in the right? He answered resolutely, 'neither.' 'Neither party?' interrogated half a dozen at once. 'Are you then of neither party?' said his uncle. 'I am not without a principle, Sir,' answered Leander; 'I am persuaded that nothing on earth can supplant my attachment to liberty; yet I deprecate the influence of that dreadful spirit of party, which has already made such inroads in our once united republic. Both parties are striving for power, (not indiscriminately however) and 'power,' says an excellent female writer, 'makes every man insolent.' Yet they are all my brethren. Let them be called aristocrats, democrats, or republicans, it shall be my glory to be called an American, or rather a citizen of the world, an inhabitant of the globe. We all sprang from the same common parent, we are all members of one common family.'

‘Then you would bring us all upon a level,’ rejoined a young lawyer of the company. ‘All men,’ says the excellent Constitution of Massachusetts, ‘are born free and equal.’ ‘Then I am on a par with Jack, my coachman?’ ‘Jack is a *man*; you are but a man. Your inherent and unalienable rights are the same. You, we concede, have a greater proportion of property than Jack; nevertheless, you have no right to oppress him. His little property is his own, he is a free man, he is your servant, but not your slave.’

‘Then you deny the existence of a *privileged* class?’

‘No I do not; there are a class of men who are privileged with the power to assist their fellow men. The rich are privileged with a fund to administer to the distresses of their needy brethren. ‘Man is man and who is more.’

‘Well, well, Leander,’ said Herbert, smiling, ‘your boasted equanimity, I perceive, is liable to some interruption; but you had better drop the controversy, and we will introduce a subject on which we can all agree.’

Leander smiled assent, and they joined the ladies in the drawing room. In the midst of a numerous circle, Leander soon fixed on his Amelia. Her heart was kindred to his own ; when she spoke, she expressed *his* feelings, and he failed not to contrast her merit to advantage, with the inanity of most modern females, whose conversation was principally confined to the structure of caps and bonnets, and the fluctuations of fashion. ‘How happy,’ thought he, ‘could I be in the possession of such a woman.’ Every day now brought some new succession of pleasure. The return of summer had brought an unusual throng of fashionable company to M———, and Eliza found little time to be sad. Yet, though she struggled hard to conceal her sorrows, a sigh would involuntarily escape her bosom, and a fear would sometimes, in spite of every effort, moisten her cheek. She remonstrated with her heart, she reasoned with her feelings, and resolved, if possible, to conquer, and at all events, to conceal them.

Leander’s departure now drew near, and

as he wandered again to bid a last adieu to the grove, where he had first met his Amelia, his mind assumed that sweet pensiveness, which beggars description, which those whose bosoms have 'learned to glow' with correspondent emotions, will readily understand, without a description, and those who have *never felt*, would ridicule, as enthusiasm and romance. On one of those excursions, he engraved on the rind of a tree, the following

STANZAS.

Oh say my Amelia, the pride of the plain,
Whose smile can the joys of elysium impart,
As through this dear grotto you pensively rove,
Will Leander possess but one thought of your
heart ?

When the bright orb of light sheds his last purple
ray,
And the shadows of twilight steal over the
grove,
When nature's musician is heard on the spray,
And Amelia delights in the grotto to rove.

Oh would she but think on the once happy swain,
Who loves, who adores, and yet fears to confess,
Who feels the soft passion, yet courts the soft pain,
Whose eyes more than language his feelings express.

Then hope would her sweet consolation impart,
And whisper, tho' doom'd as an exile to rove,
'Return and be happy ; Amelia's fond heart,
' Oft dwells on Leander ; she pities, she loves.'

Leander was not a poet, yet he often felt much of the poet's enthusiasm. This little morceau was the effusion of a heart, untinged by fashion, and uncontaminated with the follies of the fashionable world, the faithful repository of every generous and expansive feeling.

He now bade a long adieu to the grove, with that sort of regret which a feeling is only capable of comprehending. On his return he was met by his uncle. 'I have been thinking, Leander,' said he, 'that you will wish to spend a day or two with your friend Somerton. My daughters seldom

visit the metropolis ; I have a mind to accompany them and you so far on your journey.' The proposal was cheerfully accepted, and it was contrived accordingly.

CHAPTER X.

'Miseris succurrere disco.'

Æneid, Lib. 1.

' Sweet sensibility, thou keen delight !
 ' Thou hasty moral, sudden sense of right !
 ' Thou untaught goodness, virtue's precious seed,
 ' The sweet precursor of the generous deed ;
 ' Beauty's quick relish, reason's radiant morn,
 ' That dawns soft light before reflection's born ;
 ' To those who know thee not, no words can paint,
 ' And those who know thee, know all words are
 faint.'

MORRIS'S Sensibility.

WITH various agitations of mind, Leander strolled out to hear the conclusion of Williamson's story. The old gentleman appeared pleased with his attention. ' You

are uncommonly attentive to a poor old man,' said he ; ' you see I am not so sad as when you saw me last. Friendship is the greatest of all lenitives for internal wounds. To see a young heart labouring to relieve the anguish of his fellow men, who have tasted the bitter cup of affliction, inspires my bosom once more with the hope that virtue has not entirely flown from the creation. But for me there is no hope on earth ; yet the poet spoke the truth, when he said, ' hope never leaves the virtuous.' Though my prospects are all faded, as it respects terrestrials, yet hope, that dear soother of the troubled breast,

——— ' still points out an hereafter,
' And intimates eternity to man.'

But I may say with Addison's Cato,

' The wide, th' unbounded prospect lies before me.
' But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.'

' But to my story. My friendship for Hortensius was renewed, and little did I

think that he to whom I entrusted the inmost secrets of my soul, would prove my betrayer, my ruin. About this time my Julia introduced a little cherub of innocence into the world, whom we call Celestia. Your imagination must paint the joy I felt on this occasion, for had I the eloquence of Chatham, the energy of Burke, or powers of expression more vigorous than either, I could not express my feelings. I clasped the little innocent to my bosom, and blessed Heaven for a gift so perfect.

‘Sometimes I smile to think how easily we yield to the deceptive influences of the meteor hope: Yes, youth, I fondly hoped that my Celestia would

Rock the cradle of declining age.’

Year after year rolled on, and we were happy. My daughter had attained her seventeenth year, and displayed an uncommon share of personal attractions, and we laboured with unremitting assiduity to impress on her mind sentiments of honour and virtue. Horriensius was intimate in my

family, and he one day introduced a young man of elegant exterior, as a gentleman of fortune, who wished the pleasure of our acquaintance. His person and manners were extremely engaging, but his heart, ah ! *his heart* ! Can I bear the recollection ? He planned, deliberately planned and executed the destruction of a more beautiful fabric, than genius could devise, or art construct. Cursed be the art which he employed to delude confiding innocence ; cursed, forever cursed be the name of the SEDUCER.

The house of Hortensius was contiguous to mine, and Theodore was an inmate in his family. I had sustained several losses by the failure of persons to whom I had entrusted immense sums ; my fortune was considerably diminished, and myself immersed in debt. I now found the struggle between economy and pride, too great long to be supported. To save my fortune for utter ruin, it was necessary to retrench my expenses ; and had I done this, I should have lost my friends. But why do I honour those with the name of friends, who

lavished my fortune, deluded my daughter, and then deserted me into the hour of calamity ? My embarrassments daily increased, and I at length resolved to try the friendship of Hortensius. He reproached me for not applying to him sooner ; told me his purse was open to his friend, and immediately offered the loan of such a sum as would retrieve my embarrassments. He received my note for an hundred pounds, payable on demand. It was then I entertained the idea that the world could boast of such a thing as friendship. But I was deceived ; his treacherous kindness was meant to undo me.

My affairs grew every day in a more distracted state, and the loss of a ship, richly laden, from India, completed the ruin of my fortune. My paternal inheritance was pledged, and I was utterly unable to discharge my accumulated debts. My Celia grew pensive ; I attributed her melancholy to a loss of property, and enquired no farther. Perhaps, Sir, you will think I was not the most prudent person in the world. Be it so. I was too unguarded,

I own ; yet my heart glowed with rapture when I had relieved a fellow mortal. I could weep at the distresses of my fellow men, and even at the fictitious tale of the poet and the novelist. I mourned the tragic end of Barnwell, I wept for Clementina, and I sighed for Werter.

‘The climax of my miseries had now arrived ; the sable cloud which had long hung over me, now burst upon my head with all its fury. My daughter’ — here his emotion suspended his voice ; he pressed Leander’s hand, who sat in silent attention. Williamson wiped away a tear, and proceeded hesitatingly. ‘My daughter, the young, the beautiful Celestia, was seduced, and then abandoned by the traitor Theodore. It is needless to mention particulars ; suffice it to say, *she was ruined*.

‘Oh ! my heart,’ and he laid his hand expressively on his breast, ‘my poor bursting heart ; well, well, this *must* soon be quiet. Judge of my feelings, to see this lovely blossom blighted just as it began to expand its leaves to the sun. I one day en-

tered her chamber, and found her senseless on a sofa, and an open letter lay by her side. O, Mr. Anderson, *if you have a heart*, pity a father ; perhaps you will one day be a father ; until then, you cannot know my fondness or grief.' Leander wiped a tear, and attempted to say something, but the accent died on his lips.

Williamson continued. 'We restored the unhappy girl to sense and life, but vain was every effort to calm the agitation of her mind. 'He is gone,' she exclaimed, 'gone and left me a prey to infamy and ruin. Oh, why did you restore me to life ! why was your benevolent hand exerted, when a continuation of life is only a prolongation of misery ?' She relapsed into a state of insensibility, in which she continued, except at short intervals, during the night. Nor were these intervals less painful ; she raved in agony, and even entreated her attendants to put a period to her existence. The letter unfolded this mysterious conduct. He took a letter from his pocket-book, and handed it to Leander. 'See, youth, what a consummate villain.' Leander read as follows :

To Miss CELESTIA WILLIAMSON.

Madam,

You are much mistaken in supposing I ever intended to marry you. If you mistook the civilities of gallantry, for such a design, your delusion is at an end. Had your virtue been inflexible, I might possibly have loved you ; but you ought to have remembered, that when a lady ceases to respect herself, she may vainly look for admiration or respect in our sex. To marry you in your present situation, would be an indelible disgrace ; but I shall ever retain an affectionate remembrance of the many happy hours we have passed together. I shall always remember Celestia with pleasure, but the lady with whom I would unite my future destiny, must possess unconquerable virtue. I now bid you an eternal farewell, and beg you sometimes to think of your

THEODORE.

'In the first transport of my rage,' continued Williamson, 'I flew to wreak my

vengeance on her seducer ; but he had absconded. I flew to Hortensius, and reproached him as being an abettor in the horrid plot of my Celestia's destruction. Here I learned a plain tale, that froze my blood. Hortensius owned, yes, Sir, honestly owned that he was an accomplice in the horrid plan, and added, with a degree of triumph, that I once despised his society, and he now had an opportunity to revenge the insult. Without answering a word, I quitted the house, in dismay. The thought of her present situation brought on a delirium, and for several days my daughter was not a rational being. The birth of a lovely infant, the fruit of an illicit commerce with Theodore, added much to her despair. She was treated tenderly, and, unwilling to call up recollections which were already agonizing beyond description, we forbore to mention the sad occurrences which had plunged us all in a state of misery, nearly approximating to despair.

‘One fatal day—alas! I shall never forget it, she retired to her chamber, and locked the door. During the day, our family

several times attempted to enter ; and towards evening, I forced the door of her apartment ; when, Oh mighty God ! support me as I think of it, my *Celestia was no more*. Stretched on a sofa, lay the breathless remains of the deluded girl. Addison's Cato, doubled down at

‘This in a moment, brings me to an end.’

lay on the sofa by her side. She appeared to have been reading some of her favorite authors, and her books lay in disorder on her bureau. Two unsealed packets lay on the bureau, the one addressed to her parents, the other to her seducer. If you please, Sir, you shall read them. My child possessed a *mind*, Mr. Anderson, a dignified, an exalted mind.’

The letters were as follow :

LETTER I.

Little did *Celestia* once think she should write such a letter as this to those who gave her being. Little did I once imagine I

should bring destruction on my own head, and those of the best of parents.' But before you receive this last testimony of my crimes, and my sufferings, I shall be no more ; I shall cease to suffer the pangs of guilt and remorse ; this hand shall have become cold and lifeless ; this pulse shall have ceased to vibrate. I have suffered a dreadful conflict in my bosom, but it is over ; I have determined on my conduct, and shall act decisively. Forgive me, my revered parents ; forgive your lost, despairing child, who, abandoned by him who drew her unguarded footsteps from the paths of peace, finds her only refuge in *death*. At first the struggle was almost insupportable ; a sense of guilt, and a dreadful presentiment of retaliating wrath, made me half resolve to live, and dedicate my days to repentance ; but the struggle is over ; I am resolved on death. A soft, angelic voice, 'in strains as sweet as angels use,' whispers, 'there is another and a better world.'

I am fully persuaded that God is everlasting love ; the best of parents taught me to consider an all gracious Deity as a father.

I have seen an earthly parent look with an eye of pity and forgiveness on his guilty child ; and shall I dare presume that an Heavenly Parent will not be infinitely more benevolent ; and who shall dare to limit eternal mercy ? Yet there is one tender tie binds me to the earth. My child, the unhappy fruit of a still more unhappy connection ; my God, I tremble for her fate. O cast not off the little innocent, for the crimes of her unfortunate mother. Guard her, for Heaven's sake, guard her from *seduction*. Let her heart be doubly steeled to the siren song of flattery ; implant not one tender sensibility in her soul. Let sympathy, let compassion, and even common humanity, be strangers to her bosom. Teach her to consider all mankind as her enemies. Let distrust, jealousy, suspicion, be the constant companions of her soul. Should she be beautiful—My God ! I dread the thought. May her heart be apathy, her face deformity. Had I been less beautiful, I had been less unfortunate ; had I been less susceptible, I had been more suspicious ; had my bosom never felt the soft glow of friend-

ship, it had never ripened into love ; had I never loved, I had never been unhappy. But my tears will soon cease to flow ; I shall soon taste the inexhaustible cup of celestial bliss. Forgive, my parents, the crime of suicide ; forgive, gracious God, the violation of thine ever sacred law. The hand of one whom I still call my friend, has procured me a *deadly draught*, which in a moment wafts me to the shores of Elysium.

Adieu, pity and forgive the repentant

CELESTIA.

LETTER II.

Betrayer of my innocence, seducer of my virtue, accept the last sad pledge of our unhappy connection. Theodore, ungrateful, cruel Theodore, read the last record of Celestia's shame. You have deceived my virgin innocence, you have despoiled my honour, and robbed me of my inestimable gem, and now you refuse to make the only reparation in your power. Perjured villain you have broken the most solemn vows, and

trifled with the most sacred engagements. In the hallowed presence of Omniscience, you swore eternal fidelity ; our mutual vows ' flew up to Heaven's chancery,' and the ' recording angel' registered them in his eternal book. Yet you dare leave me ; yet you dare add insult to injury ; you dare write to me of unconquerable virtue. If virtue be dependent on the opinion of the world, then my virtue is indeed gone ; but if, as my better judgment teaches, virtue be a conformity of heart to the rules of rectitude, I am still her most enthusiastic votary. Theodore, my heart has never deviated from virtue. In that fatal moment, when passion triumphed over reason, when I yielded to your persuasive eloquence, I gave not my person up to prostitution. My love for you was a sincerely virtuous love ; I had sworn to be true to you, and I considered myself not the less yours because a legal ceremony was omitted. I was imprudent, I was criminal ; but mine was the weakness of delusion ; yours the systematic villainy of a traitor.

Are you the less perjured, because we

had not an earthly witness to our vows ? No, Theodore ; the God of Heaven and earth was our witness ; the invisible spirits who watch over plighted lovers, witnessed our mutual vows. Before you receive this, I shall be in eternity ; I shall not require your pity, and it will be out of your power to make any reparation for the injuries, the insults I have suffered. Proceed then, villain ; plot the destruction of more innocence ; render others as miserable as you have the unguarded Celestia.

As for me, when I am laid low in the grave, the sarcasms of an unfeeling world, cannot reach me ; the finger of scorn shall point to the turf that covers me, and say, 'there lies the suicide.' Calumny will brood over my grave, and whisper my story to the passenger ; but I shall be removed far from the reach of a malignant and indiscriminating world. My woes will be drowned in *everlasting sleep*. Yet what have I said ? -An everlasting sleep ! No, Theodore. The cordial draught will not end my existence ; I *feel* that it will not ; I *feel* that I shall live again ; live to receive

a compensation in a better world for the ills I have suffered in this. Publish then your triumph to the world ; give to foul mouthed calumny a feast on which to gormandize ; but know, the time will come when conscience, no longer stifled, will burn with more fierceness than the flames of Vesuvius ; when the pangs of conscious guilt, like a stream of bursting lava, will overwhelm your soul. Then will you reflect on a father, robbed of his fondest hope ; a mother, of her only joy ; and an unguarded girl, sent, by her own hand, to the tomb.

These torturing reflections will one day overtake you ; the vengeance of Heaven will not forever sleep. Prepare then, barbarous man, prepare to meet your final doom.

- Think, timely think, on the last, dreadful day ;
- How will you tremble there to stand expos'd,
- The foremost in the rank of guilty ghosts.*

The world seldom, perhaps never, discriminates in such a case as the present ; and my sex, in a particular manner, feel

* DRYDEN

the effects of this indiscrimination. An act of villainy in *man*, is soon forgotten ; he is suffered to 'tarnish his name, and brighten it again.' 'She was imprudent,' says the world, 'she ought to have considered ;' and the perpetrator of the deed escapes with impunity.

At the great and last tribunal, far different is the case. Hither you *must come* ; here you must be arraigned at the bar of Eternal Justice ; and here an Almighty Judge will preside, whom you cannot bribe to favour. However you may fancy yourself secure of life, this hour *will come*, and it *may come* soon. Think then what must be your sensations, when reclining on the uneasy pillow of a sick bed, and hourly expecting to launch into an unknown world, from whence 'no traveller e'er returned ;' think, what must be your feelings, to have these torturing reflections rush in upon your mind. However sophistry, gaiety and, fashion, may deride the idea of accountability to an Eternal Being, it is a solemn, interesting truth. At this moment, when I am about to welcome the harbinger of

my separation from all beneath the sun, I *feel* it to be true. And, Oh, Theodore, what have I not suffered from the recollection ! but I am not calm ; sister spirits bear me to the skies.

- ‘ Come sister, come, [they said, or seem’d to
[say,
- ‘ Thy place is here, sad sister, come away.
- ‘ Once, like thyself, I trembled, wept and pray’d,
- ‘ Love’s victim then, but now a sainted maid.
- ‘ But all is calm, in this eternal sleep,
- ‘ Here grief forgets to groan, and love to weep.’
- ‘ I come. I come. prepare your roseate bowers,
- ‘ Celestial palms, and ever blooming flowers ;
- ‘ Thither, where sinners may have rest, I go,
- ‘ Where flames refined, in breasts seraphic glow.*

Unhappy man ! I still would pray for your repentance. My parting breath shall utter a prayer to the Creator, that you may be prepared, timely prepared, to stand at the bar of Omniscience, there to answer for the destruction of

CELESTIA.

The old man paced the room in the agony of reflection, and Leander, unable any

* POPE’S *Eloisa*,

longer to conceal his emotion, burst into tears. Williamson resumed, 'I distress you, Sir, pardon me ; the recital of my sorrows pains you ; go, youth, go then, ignorant of the future fate of Williamson.' 'By no means,' said Leander ; 'finish, I entreat, your interesting narration. I feel an impulse more than curiosity ; could I alleviate——' 'Tis impossible,' interrupted Williamson, 'but I will not torture you with suspense.

'A jury of inquest sat upon the body of my child ; their verdict was suicide. In vain I supplicated and prayed ; the rigour of the law could not be evaded. O, youth, could I behold the dear remains of my darling child, dragged inhumanly through the street, and denied even the last sad privilege of the wretched, a decent grave ! Could I behold this, and survive it ; Man knows not what a weight of sorrow he can sustain, until he has the trial. My despair was at first so violent, as to deprive me of reason ; and this was the crisis for which Hortensius waited to complete my miseries. He knew my utter inability to

comply, when he demanded the payment of his treacherous loan. I reproached him as a barbarian ; I raved with the fury of a maniac. My Julia alone was calm and serene. Her seraphic mind rose superior to misfortune. While she endeavoured to pour the balm of consolation into the wounds of her despairing husband.

‘ By her address, my child’s letter (having first transcribed it, to preserve as a sad memento of her fall) was enclosed in a spirited one from her, and forwarded in such a manner, that I am certain he received it.

‘ Hertensius put the bond he held against me in suit ; my creditors thronged my house ; I was stripped of house, property, every thing I possessed, and myself thrown into prison. The parents of my Julia offered to provide for her, if she would abandon me, and the little innocent our dying daughter committed to our charge. She rejected the offer with disdain, and chose rather to share my fortune in the ‘ sad solitary cell.’ It was then I discovered those traits in her character, which had been

hitherto hidden in obscurity. She now displayed the tenderness of love, united to the fortitude of the heroine. In the mansion of despair, we remained immured, till a disciple of the benevolent Howard, saw our distresses, and effected our release. His kindness did not end here ; he furnished me with a considerable sum of money, and advised me to commence author, by profession.

‘ Thus you see, my young friend, among the dark group of monsters, in human shape, here is one bright example to retrieve our opinion of human nature. I had borne misery and insult, with silent despair ; but the accent of friendship, the voice of benevolence, I could not hear with composure, and I wept like an infant. His advice pleased me ; I quitted a vicinity, grown hateful to my sight, since the late disasters, and repaired to the metropolis of this state. Here I found to my disappointment, that the plant of genius, though it is indigenous to the soil of a republic, was suffered to wither and die, uncultivated. Why is it, Mr. Anderson, that the reward of genius,

is ever deferred, till its possessor is cold and insensible ? While an author is living, penury is usually his possession. Posterity generally estimate his worth more truly ; but, what is the empty breath of fame ? what are statues and monuments to the sleeping dust, that requires only a narrow strip of ground, and a sod to cover it ? I might have edited a newspaper ; but, to please my patrons, I must have become a partizan, and a tool to faction. I preferred poverty to *such* aggrandizement. I strung together some lines, which I will repeat, that you may form some idea of the plaintive sadness of my mind.

The PLAIN'T *of* SORROW.*

Ah ! why is sorrow stamp'd on all below,
 Why do our bosoms feel the darts of woe ;
 Poor are the pleasures of this earthly span,
 And haggard grief's the certain lot of man.
 Oh Happiness ! thou visionary maid,
 To what lone, silent grotto hast thou stray'd ?
 Oft have I hop'd to meet thy cheering smile,

*This little poem, with some others in this work, were originally published in the 'National Ægis,' a periodical paper.

Long have I sought thee with unceasing toil ;
Oft have I hope's delusive tale believ'd,
And with a phantom been as oft deceiv'd.
Then tell me, happiness, celestial maid,
Art thou a phantom, an illusive shade ?
O yes, too soon the painful truth I know,
That 'imperfection's stamp'd on all below ;'
This life is but a dream, an empty shade,
And soon, too soon, our highest transports fade.

Not all the skill to touch the magic lyre,
Not e'en Philenia's lute, or Dryden's fire,
From one intruding pang can shield the heart,
Or once beguile pale sorrow's barbed dart.
Witness this truth, ye who this truth deride,
For e'en a Chatterton in mis'ry died:

'Twas thus, when vernal charms the season
crown'd,
And Zephyrs sent their od'rous sweets around,
As 'neath yon elm's extended branch I stood,
I sigh'd my sorrows to the echoing wood.
'Twas thus, when summer crown'd the lonely
glade,
I sigh'd my sorrows to her silent shade.

And thus when winter hurl'd his terrors round,
And cloth'd in lucid robes the frozen ground ;
When nipping frosts the streamlet's tide assail,
I sigh'd my woes to every passing gale.

Thus when bright Sol, with his reluming light,
Scatters away the dewy shades of night,
I greet the orient messenger of morn,
And sigh my sorrows to the rosy dawn.

Thus when pale Cynthia sheds her silver ray,
And lonely Philomel resumes her lay ;
When thousand orbs display their twinkling light,
And gild with glitt'ring rays the vault of night ;
When Cynthia darts across the rippling stream,
I sigh my sorrows to her silver beam.

Parent of all, the plaint of sorrow hear,
And let thy mercy dry the flowing tear ;
Teach me to view with an indiff'rent eye,
Terrestrial joys, and blessings born to die.
The heav'nly plant, blooms not on earthly
ground,
And happiness——is no where to be found ;
E'en like a dream, all earthly blessings fly,
And only bloom—to wound us when they die.

Then let my pilgrimage of woe be short,
And soon conduct me to the destin'd port ;
Let bland compassion shed a cheering ray,
To gild the lonely wanderer's devious way.

‘ I found, to my disappointment, that the
name of McKenzie should adorn the title
page of a pathetic work, and that of Sterne,
an humorous one. Colman and Pindar

could only write a witty poem ; and Cowper, Southey, or some of the poets of established fame, a serious one. Disappointed with myself, my readers, and all the world, I sought some other employment, but in vain. I had drained my purse of its last dollar, when chance, or rather Providence, led me to your uncle, under whose protection I have lived ever since. Thus, Sir, you are become acquainted with the principal occurrences of my life. Born in affluence, and used to all the elegancies of life ; reduced to poverty, to beggary and want, and this through the treachery of my fellow men. Judge then, if I have not some cause to distrust *profession.*, O youth, beware, beware of fiends, in the disguise of men. When the gently soothing voice of friendship vibrates on your ear, Oh, distrust, distrust !——You see, my friend, I have no hope ever again on earth to taste one joyous moment ; yet there is one hope, which I would not resign for the gem of Golconda ; the hope of another and a better world, where sorrow cannot come ; where disappointment cannot enter, and seduction cannot blast the fond hope of an exulting father.

‘If my story has excited one painful emotion, I am sincerely sorry ; on the contrary, should my example prove a warning to you, to beware of your fellow men, I shall be amply compensated for every painful feeling the narration has excited.’

The old man finished, and Leander, too much affected to speak, slipped his purse into his hand, and walked silently away. When he arrived at his uncle’s, he communicated the outlines of the narrative ; looked at his uncle, with an aspect of enquiring benevolence, as if he had said, ‘may I be beneficent ?’ Herbert understood him ; ‘I admire your philanthropy,’ said he, ‘these feelings, this emotion, this mild benevolence, will prove a greater source of happiness, than the riches of Potosi.’ A contention now arose, from whose store of wealth Williamson should be relieved. The fond contest was at length decided, with mutual liberality, and Leander enjoyed that exquisite felicity, which virtuous minds experience, when they have drawn deserving merit from the shades of indigence, and caused the eye of despair once more to beam with the tear of gratitude.

CHAPTER XI.

‘ Yet now arrives the time, the dangerous time,
‘ When all these virtues opening now so fair,
‘ Transplanted to the world’s tempestuous clime,
‘ Must learn each passion’s bolsterous breath
to bear.’

MASON.

EVERY thing was at length adjusted, and this happy party entered the metropolis. New scenes now engaged the attention. Somerton received them with the warmest demonstrations of joy, and undertook to lead them through the routine of fashionable amusement. The theatre, the museum, and the assembly, alternately engaged their attention, and Eliza’s cheerfulness seemed perfectly restored. The presence of Somerton was not to her the most trifling source of satisfaction.

Such was the situation of Eliza’s mind,

that with him, all was pleasing ; and without him, every thing was tasteless and insipid. This indeed was a dangerous crisis for her ; and of this she was sensible. She examined her heart, she found her affections all concentrated to one point ; she found that she loved ; yet she knew it was a sincerely virtuous love, born of esteem, and cherished by friendship.

Edward's character had been pourtrayed by Leander, in the most engaging tints ; and she construed his attentions to her, in a manner the most flattering to her wishes, and a train of pleasing hopes began to play round her imagination.

Edward, from this moment, conceived the idea of more destruction. He contemplated the little happy family ; he saw virtue and peace their companions. Domestic felicity filled each eye with the dew of sensibility, and each heart with rapture. It was impossible for consummate villainy to behold such a scene, but with sensations similar to those of the Prince of Pandemonium, when he beheld the first created pair, in the garden of Eden.

To the charms of beauty and innocence,

he was insensible. The tender emotions of sensibility, which those who feel can only know, he was accustomed inwardly to ridicule, as the idle fantasies of a deluded imagination. Deception was his trade ; he could assume a soft and soothing accent, while his heart was meditating destruction. He was the inheritor of a considerable fortune ; dissipation, however, had much diminished it, and he looked to Leander's for amendment. In this pursuit, he would not have scrupled, had his power been adequate to the accomplishment, to have hurled whole systems from their centre, and sacrificed the whole race of intelligent beings. But for Eliza's destruction, no motive can be assigned. The furies must have inspired the idea, and the heart that could contemplate the destruction of so lovely a blossom of innocence, must have been kindred to the fiends of Tartarus. The idea that now floated in his brain, he committed to writing, in the form of a letter to an intimate friend (if the name of friend be not dishonoured by such an use) and confidential accomplice,

LETTER.

Anderson is in town. He arrived yesterday, on his tour to Philadelphia, accompanied by that honest simpleton, his uncle, and his two beautiful daughters. He has disappointed all my plans to ensnare him, and is still as sober, virtuous, and romantic as ever. When he mentioned his foolish passion for Miss Stanhope, (for he has no secrets) my hopes were sanguine; but they were visionary, for he has obtained the permission of her parents, and means to marry her. Marry! odious sound! Wife—distraction's in the term. What say you, Evander? shall he out wit us? No, by Jove. Gaming he is passionately fond of, and here rests my only hope. Let us only weaken his attachment for that 'idle something of a name,' called virtue; let us but place him in a gaming house, and he is ours as securely as ———; you may finish the metaphor yourself. This cursed journey will occasion much delay; but we must contrive to keep up the appearance of wealth, till the possession of his fortune gives us the reality.

Thus much for Anderson ; now for another affair. Eliza Herbert is a charming girl ; yet think not that I am smitten with her beauty ; no, I leave this to such weak minds as Anderson's ; such as would dress their heads with willows, and die despairingly, if some fop more gaily attired than themselves, should supplant them in the affection of some pretty village maiden, who loved the *glittering tinsel*, not the *wearer*.

What if the gentle Eliza could be overthrown ? This family is now as happy as the inhabitants of paradise (if there be a paradise.) Evander, would you see them quaff such draughts of bliss, and not throw some misfortune in the cup ? But why have I pitched upon Eliza ? Is she the most beautiful ? No, Harriot is all that fools call fair and lovely. She is charming as Venus, but as inflexible as Lucretia.

There are some women, Evander, whom we find it dangerous to encounter. Such an one is Harriot Herbert. There is something in her mein and air, that indicates unconquerable virtue, and commands respect, even from me. Will it not be prudent, in the mean time, to give Anderson a

short respite, while I meditate the destruction of the now virtuous Eliza ? Anderson is coming to bid me farewell ; I must meet him, and now for deception.

Adieu for the present,

Yours unalterably,

E. SOMERTON.

Such were the infernal plots laid for the unsuspecting virtue of Eliza ; whether they were successful, the sequel will determine.

The hour of separation arrived ; Leander burst from the embraces of his friends, and with a tremulous voice, bade them *adieu*.

Without the interruption of a single incident worth recording, he arrived at his uncle Anderson's. He was received by his cousins with the familiarity of an old acquaintance. Edwin rang for a servant ; ' tell my father,' said he, ' that Mr. Anderson is arrived.' In a few moments, Mr. and Mrs. Anderson, entered the apartment. The appearance of the former, drew tears from Leander ; it reminded him of a friend, a father, a protector, whom he had lost forever.

Mrs. Anderson was a lady of respectability, and the gentleness of her manners proceeded from the pure fountain of all politeness, goodness of heart. Edwin and George were such sons as might make a parent happy ; and Melissa, their sister, was an amiable girl, whose personal attractions were only equalled by her good sense and virtue.

Such was the family in which Leander was received as an inmate, and treated with unbounded hospitality. Leander was no less pleased with his preceptor ; and Mr. Granville, on his part, was charmed with the unaffected goodness of his pupil. He was introduced to the most respectable and fashionable company ; and, had amusement been the object of his search, he might have been amply gratified. But his were nobler pursuits. To acquire that knowledge which would enable him to become a blessing to his country ; to study the polity and government of other nations, that he might the better discern the excellencies of his own free constitution, and still more firmly rivet his attachment to liberty and his country, were the noble objects of his study. Nor

were the arts of embellishment, which give to virtue an added lustre, forgotten. Every soft emotion of sensibility, that finds its way through a thousand avenues, to feeling soul ; every liberal endowment, that refines the ideas, expands the heart, and raises it beyond this little space assigned for our existence above the starry mansions of the sky, were eagerly sought, and cultivated with watchful solicitude. The suavity of his disposition, procured him friends wherever he formed acquaintances ; and the unaffected goodness of his heart, real benevolence of disposition, and unlimited candour, endeared him to all who saw him.

Oh Somerton ! thy heart must have been kindred to the fiends below ; some demon's spirit must have inhabited thy form, for the bosom that felt any thing like human kindness, could never plot the destruction of so much innocence and virtue. In Mr. Granville, Leander found an able instructor, a warm patriot, and an honest man. While he instructed him in the duties of his profession, he was equally attentive to the culture of his heart. With warm benevolence, he reproved the errors of his nature ; for there was still some errors lurking in

Leander's heart. Moderation was not among his virtues. His extreme susceptibility, subjected him sometimes to the violence of passion ; he was impatient of contradiction, and though when in the bosom of retirement, he had contemplated the inhabitants of the globe, as *one common family*, he had declared himself of *no party* ; yet when his favorite tenets met with opposition, he was often more inclined to ascribe the difference of sentiment in his opposers, to the error of the heart, than the judgment. Mr. Granville taught him by precept and example, the beauty of moderation ; and pruned his mind of the errors of youth. He was not unrewarded for the generous employment. The industrious application of his pupil, and his progressive improvement, were a sweet reward to the benevolent heart. Thus happily situated, we must leave Leander, and accompany the family of the Herberts back to the peaceful plains of M——.

CHAPTER XII.

'None are so truly caught, when they are catch'd
'As wit turn'd fool, folly in wisdom hatch'd ;
'Hath wisdom's warrant, and the help of school,
'And wit's own grace, to grace a learned fool.'

SHAKESPEARE.

ONCE more the villagers returned, from the gay diversions of the city, to the peaceful serenity of the rural village. Edward, the treacherous Edward, now found it necessary to pause, and consider what steps were necessary to be taken ; for, as yet his plans had been productive of nothing. Wily as the serpent, he guarded against the least incongruity in his conduct. He reflected, that as Leander would remain some time absent, should his contemplated connection with Eliza immediately commence, it must be terminated, and his real character developed, before he could ensnare the other victim of his wiles. He was not ignorant of the impression he had made on the mind of Eliza ; for that heart must have been like his own,

doubly cased with deception, whose secret springs and movements could be concealed from him.

He had purchased an elegant country seat on the bank of the Charles River, near the paternal inheritance of his friend Anderson. Here he proposed to spend his summers ; and here, he soon found companions, whose dispositions and pursuits were similar to his own.

We must now pause, for a moment, and introduce to the reader a very learned character, by the name of Christopher Dilemma, a gentleman of the sophomore class of the university. His figure was rather above the common size, and might have been agreeable enough, but for a sort of affected negligence, which permitted ' each hair to stand an end.'

He was uncommonly polite and attentive to *all* ; but to the female sex, he was so obsequiously assiduous, that had Edmund Burke had his eye upon such a character, he would not have written, ' the age of chivalry is gone ; the loyalty of the sex is flown.'

What he particularly prided himself upon,

however, was his great learning, and elegant phraseology. As soon as he entered, 'Ladies,' said he, 'the salubrity of the morning air, added to my adoration for your sex and this joined to the sublime felicities, the exquisite rapchurs, and the thrilling transports I enjoy in the society of the ladies ; all these considerations, amalgamated and conglomerated, induce me to spend a leisure hour in your charming company.' Mutual civilities over,

'All were attentive to the godlike man,
'When from his lofty seat he thus began.'

'The enchanting vermillion of the rose is faint, when compared to the artless die of bauchee ;* the lilly is not so fair as the snowy whiteness of your alabaster cheek.'

'You are quite beyond my comprehension, Sir,' said Harriot, sarcastically ; 'pray to whom was that delectable apostrophe addressed ?'

'Why, Madam, it was a rhapsody on your inimitable bauchee.'

* Beauty, in true pedantic pronunciation.

‘We are much obliged to you,’ said Eliza, ‘for the honour you do us; but you will please to recollect, that we are unlearned in the technical terms of the votaries of science. Will you oblige us with a definition of the term *rhapsody*?’

‘With the most exquisite pleasure,’ was the reply. ‘Rhapsody is—that is—I spoke in the strain of rhapsody. It is a noun, Madam, and from it are derived the adjectives, *rhapsodical* and *rhapsodical*; it is a term much used at the university, especially in *sentimental* compositions.’

Harriot could hardly restrain her risibility; common politeness, however, obliged her to hear the pedant with patience. ‘I understand you, perfectly,’ resumed Eliza, ‘it must be presumed you are a great scholar.’

‘Why, Madam, it has been my good fortune to be initiated in the ‘art and mystery’ of erudition. I have always lamented that ladies are denied the sublime felicities that flow only from the *Hippocrenean fountain*.’

He then proceeded in such an ebullition of nonsense and folly, that Harriot, entirely

out of patience, was obliged to interrupt him, and desire him, to be more explicite. 'Well, Madam, now I come to the point. You know, Madam, that during the vacation, Madam, it is proper to unbend the mind by diversion, and render it more fit for study, Madam.' Harriot assented. 'To this we may attribute the establishment of theatres, amphitheatres, museums, circuses, masquerades, operas, balls, assemblies, card-parties, and all other *diversional* parties.'

'Pray, Sir,' said Harriot, 'to what does all this allude? Certainly you cannot imagine that all the places of amusement you have enumerated, were contrived solely for collegians.' 'Perhaps not *solely*, but certainly, Madam, we who explore the *mines of science*, and dig up the *literary ore*, are entitled to the first privilege, though I am no *egotist*, and abominate *pedantry*.'

'Pray, Sir, if you can, speake more to the purpose' 'To the purpose? I called on purpose to communicate an important piece of intelligence.' 'As briefly as you can Sir.' 'Well, then, briefly it is this, without preface prelude, or appology.' 'Your preface has been long enough,' said

Eliza, 'pray begin upon the narrative.'

'As soon as possible, Madam; the climax rises gradually, but I shall soon be at the zenith.' 'You have been at the zenith once, Sir, and appear to be pursuing a *retrograde course*.'

At length the mighty secret burst. Mr. Dilemma at last brought his story to a conclusion, having discussed every point between the zenith and the nadir. He came to request the honour of Harriot's hand, at an ensuing ball, and to inform them that Mr. Somerton would call on them sometime in the day, as he expressed it, 'to bring the affair to a final issue.'

Harriot would have, declined, but foreseeing that Somerton would attend Eliza, and from a sort of jealous suspicion, unwilling to trust her in his company, she determined to accept, disagreeable and tedious as her partner was.

With the utmost formal ceremony, Mr. Dilemma took his leave. To conceal the real situation of her mind, was what Eliza aimed at; to effect which, she assumed a gaiety which was entirely discordant to her feelings, and began to represent their visitor in the most absurd and ridiculous

colours. The innate dignity of Harriot's mind instantly revolted at the idea of assuming a different deportment to a person when *present*, from that when he was absent. She gently reproved her sister's levity, and expressed her surprise that Eliza should descend to the low amusement of mimicry.

'I consider him,' said Eliza, 'as a proper subject of ridicule. There is nothing I more detest than affectation; and of all species of affectation, that of learning is the most disagreeable and disgusting. Had Mr. Dilemma, for instance, been less solicitous to display his fancied erudition, his real ignorance might have been in some measure concealed. I believe the gravest sage of antiquity could hardly have refrained a smile at his learned definition of *rhapsody*, and his *round about* manner of relating his business. 'But,' said Harriot, 'Somerton is approaching; we shall now meet a mind of a different mould.'

If ever Edward's conversation was pleasing, it was now doubly delightful, from contrast. His language was easy and elegant, and his mien at once so commanding, and so graceful, that he fascinated the judg-

ment, and pleaded directly to the heart. In Dilemma's character, were united the coxcomb, the pedant, and the dunce. He had acquired, by dint of application, 'a little learning, of which he was insupportably vain.' He was then a student at the university, but for the sciences taught there, it might be said of him,

————— ' Each academic science
 ' Bade all his efforts bold defiance ;
 ' In Algebra, his constant station,
 ' Was negative in each equation ;
 ' And in Astronomy survey'd,
 ' His constant course was retrograde. *

Eliza did not fail to contrast the two characters to the advantage of the former ; her heart chid her for it, but how could she do otherwise ?

* Progress of Dullness. :

CHAPTER XIII.

- What vast confusion swells the sound,
 - When all the coxcombs flutter round ;
 - What undulation wide of bows,
 - What gentle oaths, and am'rous vows ;
 - What jealous leers, and angry brawls,
 - To gain the lady's hand at balls:
 - What billetdoux, brimfull of flame,
 - Acrostics lin'ed with Harriot's name ;
 - What cringing, dancing, ogling, sighing,
 - What languishing for love, and dying.'
- Progress of Coquetry.

THE Miss Herberts were busily employed in preparing for the ball, when Susan, their waiting maid, entered the chamber, her eyes glistening with impatience, and her whole deportment indicating that she had something of importance to communicate.

'O dear, Ma'am,' said she, 'the strangest news ; there's a grand gentleman loves you desperately. He says you must not go to the ball with that Mr. Dlimmy Dlemmy, for he don't know a great A from a chest of drawers, without he sees the

brasses, and then he don't know ; and here's a letter, and he wants you to meet him in the garden ; but he says you must'nt tell your Papa.'

' Silence, Susan !' interrupted Harriot,

' A letter ?' interrogated Eliza, ' from a gentleman, Susan ?' ' Yes, Ma'am, a letter for Miss Harriot ; and he charged me not to give it to nobody else ; but—but bless me, Ma'am, (to Harriot) won't you take the letter ?'

' No, Susan,' replied Harriot, sternly, ' who is this impertinent ?'

' Oh, dear me, don't call him such names, for the love on me ; why he's a proper fine gentleman, and was dressed a good deal finer than 'Squire Simper's son Richard, and he said if my mistress refused him, he should die, he should, and that would be a terrible thing, it would.'

' It would, indeed,' said Harriot, smiling, but Susan, I shall retain no person in my service, who can contrive assassinations, or convey letters.'

' Why, Ma'am, I wouldn't do nothing to offend you, for all 'Squire Simper's farm, I wouldn't ; but to be sure, he did talk so

movingly, he did, that one's heart must be harder than mine, it must, that could refuse to carry a letter; and moreover, and besides, if he'd a *drowned* himself, I shouldn't a dared to gone out after sundown, for fear of meeting his ghost all wrapped up in a winding sheet.'

Harriot smiled, and the loquacious Susan proceeded.

'And moreover, he said that his death would lie at my door. Now I don't know what that means, but if his ghost should come all wrapped up in his winding sheet, and lie down at my door, it's ten chances to one, but I should be so frightened, that I should run right into Jonathan's chamber, I should.'

Curiosity is a prominent feature in the female character, and there are but few who have not in some degree imbibed the mania. Notwithstanding the contempt Harriot and Eliza felt for any person who should attempt to draw either of them into a clandestine connexion, it required the whole energy of principle to prevent them from breaking the seal. Harriot at length dismissed Susan, with an injunction that

she should return the letter as it was, and never again be engaged in such a plot.

The poor girl withdrew, muttering as she crossed the staircase, 'I've done all I could ; if he dies, I an't to blame ; I know that, I do.' Eliza, who rejoiced in every occurrence that would exclude reflection, had now an admirable fund of amusement, in commenting on the letter, and foretelling the consequences of her sister's *cruelty*, as she facetiously termed it.

Harriot had more penetration than not to observe that Eliza's vivacity was *affect-ed*. She thought it prudent, however, not to notice her evident partiality for Somerton, and resolved critically to watch her conduct, and learn the result.

The carriage arrived to convey them to the ball. Harriot was attended by the obsequious Mr. Dilemma, and Eliza, with a palpitating heart, gave her hand to Edward, who pressed it significantly as he led her to the carriage. At the ball room, they had the satisfaction to meet Miss Stanhope, from whom they had been several days separated, by a multiplicity of domestic concerns. She was attended by her brother,

an accomplished young gentleman, who had lately returned to Europe. The evening passed away very agreeably, diversified with dancing, music, and conversation, untill the queen of even, arriving at her midnight splendour, admonished them that it was time to retire. Harriot and Eliza were handed to their carriages by their respective partners, much pleased with the entertainment, and the politeness of Somerton, to whom they owed their participation of it.

CHAPTER XIV.

' Oh happy state, when souls each other draw,
' Where love is liberty, and nature law ;
' All then is full, possessing and possess'd,
' No craving void left aching in the breast ;
' Ev'n thought meets thought, ere from the lips
it part,
' And each warm wish springs mutual from the
heart.

POPE'S *Eloisa*.

Time now flitted away unmarked by any occurrence of consequence. Mr. Dilemma returned to the university, or as he expressed it, from the *terrestrial girls*, to those *celestial beauties*, the muses, of whose favour he was assured.

They heard no more of the *billetdoux*, or its writer, and the hours were alternately spent in deeds of benevolence, and scenes of amusement, till smiling summer gave to the rigid dominion of winter ; and silence and solitude once more reigned in the peaceful village.

To minds ' never less alone, than when alone,' retirement was happiness. Books,

music and drawing, supplied the place of balls, assemblies, and parties of pleasure; and friendship and freedom gave the highest zest to every enjoyment. Eliza alone was uneasy. She reviewed the conduct of Somerton, and found nothing which could excite suspicion in the breast of the most scrupulous. She construed his attentions to her in a manner the most agreeable to her wishes, and a train of flattering presages crowded upon her mind. In spite of every effort, another idea would obtrude. Should her partiality for Somerton become apparent to him, every attention on his part, would seem rather a compliance with her wishes, than the effect of an attachment. She resolved, if possible, to eradicate the fatal passion from her heart; or, at all events, to conceal it from the scrutinizing eye, even of parental or fraternal fondness. With this resolution, she assumed an unusual degree of vivacity; and when a sigh was ready to burst from her bosom, she checked it, and smiled with affected complacency, while her heart was rent with anguish.

‘To carry smiles and sunshine in the face,
 ‘When discontent sits heavy at the heart,’

though difficult, is not impossible. Deception was once Eliza's detestation, but she was so situated, that she must either practice it, or give pain to those she loved.

The return of Eliza's cheerfulness, gave transport to the amiable Harriot. She had observed her thoughtfulness, her absence of mind, her involuntary blushes, with all the painful solicitude a sister's heart can feel. When she saw the sombre cloud dissipated, and Eliza, as she thought, once more cheerful and happy, she participated in her joy, and ceasing to enquire into the cause of her former dejection, she rejoiced in the return of her apparent happiness, and her heart knew not a painful emotion.

Perhaps such a situation as nearly approximates to the felicities of the ethereal regions, as the frail state of humanity will permit. As the smooth stream glides peacefully along, fertilizing the meadows, and watering the flowers that are strewed upon its banks ; though the distant torrent roars tremendously, it regards not its tumult, but still rolls on its peaceful, undisturbed course, till it is lost in the ocean ; so in such a situation, we glide down the stream of time, regardless of the frowns of fortune, and su-

perior to the bustle of the world, till terrestrial scenes are swallowed up in eternity, and the pleasures of life are lost in the boundless ocean of eternal bliss.

folly to pretend insensibility to your accomplishments, (Amelia's face was suffused with a crimson blush) and you must be sensible, my dear, these accomplishments will gain you many *real* or pretended admirers. The man who really esteems you, will not hesitate to declare it ; but he will never descend to artifice or meanness to secure your affections to himself. There are, Amelia, among those mysteries which we can never comprehend, some hearts so constituted as to derive pleasure from the destruction of the happiness of the object of their affection. The heart of the libertine is composed of materials totally different from humanity. Insensible to the charms of innocence, and seeking only sensual gratification, he employs all the artifice that genius can devise, to seduce unguarded virtue. Nothing will so happily conduce to guard a youthful female against the arts of the seducer, as a sincere and virtuous attachment. Thus it is evident that the libertine, who would destroy your virtue and your happiness, would, if possible, eradicate from your heart all prior attachments ; he would shake your confidence in your lover, and persuade you that your friends are false.'

Notwithstanding these assurances, Amelia found it next to impossible to conquer a melancholy sensation that preyed upon her mind. Jealousy and love, distrust and affection, were struggling which should preponderate. At one moment (when she considered his long silence) she was half inclined to believe him false ; then as quickly would she discard the idea, and blush that she *could* ever cherish it, especially when founded on such anonymous information. ' Can human nature be so base ? ' she would exclaim ; ' can that which emanates from Deity, possess the qualities of the fiends from Erebus ? Can that form which might claim an alliance with the celestial nature, possess a heart beyond description depraved ? No, no ; I will not cherish the idea, even for a moment.' Notwithstanding this determination, her countenance spoke a language different from her tongue, when she attempted to appear gay and cheerful as usual. After some hesitation, she entrusted Lorenzo, her brother, with the cause of her uneasiness. Lorenzo instantly suspected, though he forbore to mention his suspicion, that the anonymous letter was the artifice of one of Somerton's as-

sociates, who had frequently expressed an ardent passion for Amelia, and regretted that a previous engagement precluded even the possibility that he might be permitted to address her. This was actually the case. The writer was the confidential friend of Somerton, an enemy to all good ; consequently an enemy to Anderson and his Amelia. This sentiment alone induced him to cast a shade over their prospects of happiness ; but the moment he beheld Amelia, the desire of possessing her himself, was an additional incentive. His heart was as corrupt, but not altogether so stoic as Somerton's. To the refined delicacy of Amelia's sentiments, to the beauty of her person, and the dignity of her mind, he was not altogether insensible ; and it is a truth, uncontroverted, that the rake who glories in the destruction of female honour, is the first to admire, and secretly to respect a woman of virtue. How he can plot the destruction of that which he admires and respects, is one of those unaccountable mysteries, which such hearts as Edward's and Evander's can alone unriddle.

Evander had fixed his residence in the country, the better to facilitate his plan,

and the following letter was despatched to Somerton soon after his arrival.

LETTER.

You were right, Edward, when you said of Harriet, that she was as inflexible as Lueretia. She is fair, as Juba says of Marcia, 'She is divinely fair ;'

• But still the lovely maid improves her charms
• With inward greatness, unaffected wisdom,
• And suavity of manners.'*

I made my advances in the style of a lover, through the medium of her waiting maid, but my letter was returned *unopened*. Here's a girl of spirit for you, Edward ; but I have abrogated all claim to a connection with her, and turned an eye of curious speculation on the gentle Amelia. I yesterday wrote her a ' pitiful story ' of her dear lover's inconstancy, affixed no signature, imitated the post mark, and gave the post boy sixpence to leave it with the morning papers. I called on her this morning, under pretence of visiting Lorenzo, 'The old

* ADDISON'S Cato.

man was very civil : Lorenzo's conversation was barely ceremonial, and I conjectured (but perhaps it was only conjecture) that a look of inquisitive suspicion, mingled with the keen glance of his eye. The mother and daughter were not observable. Finding my situation rather uneasy, I took my leave ; as I passed through the little lawn that fronts the house, I observed Amelia walking in a thoughtful attitude in the garden. I thought of Celestia, and that d——d pungent letter I received ; and I don't know what is the reason, but by Jove, something like remorse will haunt me whenever I recollect her, and harrow up unwelcome ideas in my mind. O, Edward, why cannot I possess your confirmed disposition ! But there is a little secret something in my bosom, that will occasionally prick me, in spite of every effort. What is it, Edward ? It is not fear, no, by Heaven ! I know not what it is to fear. Is it conscience ? I thought I had stifled that unwelcome monitor long ago ; but I tell you how it is, Edward, the slightest indisposition makes a coward of me. Is this my only existence ? Psha ! damn the thought ! away ! 'tis gone ! I am myself again !

There is no future world ! and death—is an *eternal sleep*. These are my tenets ; but how the devil I came to be writing them now, I don't know, but I believe the incident I am going to relate put it into my head. I was riding the other day through a bye road in M——, when a decent looking old fellow, whose air and stature were familiar to me, passed on the opposite side of the road. Some slight salutation, as we passed, drew his eyes from the ground. ‘ Good God ! ’ he exclaimed, in a voice which I instantly recognized for old Williamson's, and walked swiftly away. If it were not the old fellow, I was deceived by a very striking resemblance ; if it were he, how the devil came he here ? I was told that he died in prison. However, I believe I have little to apprehend ; he will hardly have effrontery enough to charge Evander with the treachery of Theodore, for that was my name in Pennsylvania. But to return. You know how swiftly a rumour flies, coloured and improved by every retailer. - I have whispered to one or two acquaintances, as a most profound secret, which they have promised by all that's good not to reveal, that Anderson is shortly

to be married to a young lady of fortune in Philadelphia. This you know is the most effectual method to circulate a story, and not a soul in the village but will be made acquainted with the *secret* in less than forty-eight hours, for

- They tell the tale, the tale in telling grows,
- And each relates adds to what he knows.

Anderson's letters I found it easy to intercept. They will do to entertain my brother bucks with, when we begin to yawn over the bottle, and I have a fund of amusement in store for you from the perusal. Thus far I have unfolded events as they took place. You shall know from time to time how I succeed, and I shall frequently call to mind a precept I was taught in infancy, 'If thou thinkest thou shalt not succeed, thou certainly wilt not.' I don't recollect whether this grave quotation is from that antiquated book called the bible, or whether it is the precept of Chesterfield. No matter which, so long as we practise it to advantage.

Yours, *without et cetera*,

EVANDER EBBERT.

CHAPTER XVI.

' When cruel slander takes her hideous flight,
 ' What man's secure, against her baleful sway?
 ' Virtue herself must sink in shades of night.
 ' And spotless innocence must fall a prey.'
 The Hymn.

AFFAIRS began now to wear a favorable aspect, on the side of Edward and Evander. Stanhope's suspicion was deeply rooted, and wanted only some slight confirmation to render it indelible. As Evander had foretold, the rumour flew on the wings of falsehood, and, coloured and improved by every retailer, it assumed as many forms as a Proteus, and as many hues as the cameleon. Stanhope began to listen with a credulous ear. Prejudiced in the truth of slanderous reports, he listened with a pre-determination to believe; and hence it is that

' Trifles light as air,
 ' Are to the jealous, confirmation strong
 ' As proof of holy writ.'

Evander saw his opportunity, and avail-

ed himself amply of the presentment he saw in his favour. The friendship of Lorenzo he had cultivated with an assiduity that might ensure success. Lorenzo's heart was formed for social intercourse ; he spurned not the offers of friendship, and though his quick penetration had discovered some traits in Evander's character, which his generosity endeavored to conceal, even from himself, yet he saw not the malice of his heart ; and though he had suspected him as the author of the anonymous letter, yet the suspicion was without a shadow of proof, and the impression was gradually effacing, and he began to feel for him that generous friendship, which strongly characterizes a worthy mind.

The long, mysterious silence of Leander at length confirmed the suspicions of Stanhope and Amelia was distressed. Had her delicacy permitted the enquiry, the Miss Herberts might have satisfied her mind on the subject. Whether it were a true or false delicacy, it is not our motive to determine. The peaceful serenity of her bosom was exchanged for a restless inquietude, for the 'green eyed monster,' Jealousy, had found his way to her heart.

Stanhope was not wealthy, and an un-

happy passion for 'the root of evil,' rendered him blind and deaf to every other consideration. He was not philosopher enough to despise the opinion of the world, and was sufficiently acquainted with the nature of mankind, to know that poverty must encounter

- The proud man's contumely, and the scorn
- Which patient merit of the unworthy takes.'

It may be charitably supposed, that he was guided by a mistaken fondness for Amelia, when he proposed Evander as her future husband. He imagined, indeed, that Amelia could, as readily transfer the passion which she has fondly and enthusiastically cherished for Leander, to a second object, as he had his esteem, when persuaded that he had placed it on an unworthy object. Every argument which worldly prudence could suggest, was employed to persuade her to a compliance, but she peremptorily refused to listen to any overtures from Evander. 'Our vows,' she would say, 'are registered by

- Him whose temple is all space,
- Whose altar, earth, sea, skies ;'

and on my part they shall never be violated.' Had she been fully persuaded of the perfidy of Leander, she might have withdrawn her esteem, but not her affection; but now, when she only *doubted*, she found herself more inviolably attached to him than ever. She could not credit, for a moment, that his *heart* was vicious; she could not believe him a libertine. 'If he is betrayed into errors,' she would say, 'they are the errors of the understanding, not the heart.' Sometimes she thought of writing to Leander, and requesting an explanation. The same delicacy that forbade her to enquire the truth of those reports, which industrious slander had circulated to his prejudice, for a long time prevented her from *seeking* his attention. The interest she felt in knowing what fate awaited her, at length triumphed over this timid hesitation, and she wrote the feelings of an undisguised heart. Anxiously she waited the arrival of the mail, but no answer was returned. This was indubitable proof, and the anguish of her heart was keen indeed.

To complete her misfortune, Herbert and his daughters sat out on a journey to meet Leander, whose time of return drew nigh.

To those who are acquainted with the manners of an American village, it is unnecessary to observe, that this incident, trifling as it was, became the subject of universal conversation ; the general opinion was, that they were to be present at the solemnization of Leander's nuptials.—Evander encouraged the tongue of slander, and the most malicious and unfounded reports, with respect to the moral character of Anderson, were circulated with all the envenomed malignity of the tattler. The parson of the parish confirmed them, and every heart, consequently, responded 'it must be so.' 'He was married, he had seduced and ruined a beautiful young creature ; he was connected with a woman of ill fame ;' he was indeed every thing vicious. His miniature Amelia had carefully preserved, which now seemed to speak to her of days of happiness forever flown. It was executed by the hand of a master. There was a noble ingenuousness in his countenance, that irresistibly impressed on the beholder a belief that his heart was unsullied. His dark, expressive eyes glistened with sensibility, and spoke the feelings of a generous soul. 'Alas !' said Amelia, as

she contemplated the inanimate emblem of her only love, 'temptation's storms have blighted one of nature's fairest blossoms.'

Stanhope, with his natural inflexibility, swore that if he ever returned, he should see Amelia married. In vain did she supplicate ; the day was appointed which was to unite her in the most sacred bonds, to a person she could not even honour with her friendship. Lorenzo's heart was divided. Now he importuned Amelia to concede to her father's wishes ; now entreated Stanhope to recede from his determination. The amiable Mrs. Stanhope was the firm, undeviating friend of Amelia, and advocate of Anderson. Thus that house which had hitherto witnessed nothing but concord and harmony in domestic life, became the temple of uneasiness. Vexed at her obstinacy, as he termed it, Stanhope treated his daughter with a harshness, at which in his cooler moments his heart recoiled. Her freedom was abridged ; her walks in the grove were at first restricted, then entirely forbidden ; and her principal source of happiness denied her.

CHAPTER XVII.

- With eyes uprais'd, as one inspir'd,
- Pale melancholy sat retir'd,
- And from her wild sequester'd seat,
- In notes by distance made more sweet,
- Pour'd through the mellow horn, her pensive
soul,
- Through glades and glooms the mingled mea-
sure stole,
- Or o'er some haunted stream with fond delay,
- In hollow murmurs died away.'

COLLINS.

Thus disagreeably situated, her only pleasure was a walk in the garden, and her only comforter her guitar.

In one of her solitary rambles, she thought she discovered an uncommon expression in the countenance of the gardener, and that he eyed her with an eager, wishful look. Wishing for an opportunity to accost him, and yet dreading to meet him, lest he should have some fatal tidings to communicate, she left her chamber, and

with her guitar and music books, sought a short reprieve from her sorrows.

The sun had just withdrawn from the horizon, the air was placid and serene, and the face of nature uncommonly calm and delightful. Not so the bosom of Amelia. Unable any longer to enjoy the beauty of the scenery, she no longer beheld it with her wonted admiration.

Unconscious whither she was straying, and heedless of all around her, she reached a little grotto at the bottom of the garden, formed by the woodbine and honeysuckle, whose delicious fragrance perfumed the air. She sat down on her moss-covered mound, and taking her guitar, tried to recollect some lively air. 'Begone dull care' was performed, but not with that spirit and feeling, that give all the grace to musical compositions. Her hand trembled, and the notes died on the tremulous string. 'Will nothing soothe my anguish?' said she. 'Shepherds I have lost my love;' this 'accords with my soul's sadness.' She accompanied the instrument with her voice, till she came to the stanza,

'All the joys of life are o'er,
'From gladness chang'd to mourning;'

when no longer able to contain her emotion, she rose from her seat and burst into tears.

It was now evening, and the firmament glowed with myriads of gems. The bird of even had began her accustomed tale of sorrow, and formed a plaintive cadence to the notes of Amelia's guitar. 'Sweet bird,' said she, 'companion in misfortune, mourn on ; strike every tender chord of sympathy and compassion ; go tell thy story to my misguided parent, tell him thou livedst at ease, blest with the gifts of nature, but 'twas *desire of gain* tempted the ruthless sportsman to level the inhuman instrument of death at the partner of thy love. 'Alas, my father !' she continued, 'why seek to render me miserable ? Can riches alone bring happiness, when the heart is torn by contending influences ? Ah no.

'The great at best are harrass'd with concern.
'Anxious their days, and restless pass their nights.'

She wept and sobbed in agony. 'Tears,' she exclaimed, 'why this is puerile impotence of mind. Is it not better to conquer what cannot be averted, than to shrink su-

pinely under the weight of misfortune ?
 Yes ; fortune, cruel, 'outrageous fortune',
 henceforth you may hurl your empoisoned
 arrows, but my heart shall be doubly cased
 in adamant. Sensibility is but the torment
 of my life ; I must, I will suppress it.
 Now I am equal to every trial.

Footsteps approached ; it was the servant she so much wished to speak with. 'Mr. Stanhope,' Madam, said he, 'sent me to conduct you to the house ; he says the evening air will make you take cold.'

'Is he so careful of my health ?' said Amelia, unconsciously.

Yes, Madam, for he loves you, but he don't see which way the cat jumps, or he would'nt have all this fuss and confusion.'

Amelia entreated him to explain himself.

'I would if I dare, your ladyship, but'—

'But what Robert ? In an affair so interesting ought there to be any reserve ?'

'Well, now by my good faith,' said Robert, 'I have as good a mind to tell you as ever I had to eat when I was hungry ; but you won't tell your father, nor Mr. Ebbert ?' Amelia promised that she would not. Robert continued hesitatingly, 'Why ma'am, Mr. Ebbert's valet and I are sworn broth-

ers ; I tell him all I know, and he tells me all he knows, and faith, I believe a little more sometimes. Well, says he to me, Robert, you see all this preparation for a wedding, what do you think of it ? Why, says I, what should I think of it but that my young lady is a going to be married ? Pshaw ! says he, no such thing ; sham marriage, sham certificate, sham clergyman ; all sham. Amelia started with horror. She too well understood the meaning of Robert's detail, and begged him to assist her to escape the impending calamity. Robert assured her that he would willingly do every thing in his power, but how could he assist her ? A long pause ensued ; at length Robert promised to see her again in the morning, and once more enjoining secrecy, they separated, and she immediately retired to her chamber, but not to repose.

The fortitude with which she had supported the conversation with the servant now quite forsook her, and her tears flowed uncontrolledly. For sometime she was scarcely conscious of existence ; a giddiness succeeded, and she almost fainted. She opened her casement to inhale the

fresh air, and found her spirits a little revived. With a heart sorely oppressed, she at length sought refuge in the arms of Somnus, and

‘Tir’d nature’s sweet restorer, balmy sleep,’
for a while eased her heart of its pangs—

CHAPTER XVIII.

- ‘ When bright imagination reigns,
‘ The fine wrought spirit feels acuter pain ;
‘ Where glow exalted sense, and taste refin’d,
‘ There keener anguish wrankles in the mind ;
‘ There feeling is diffus’d through every part,
‘ Thrills in each nerve, and lives in all the heart ;
‘ And those whose generous souls each tear
 would keep
‘ From other’s eyes, are born themselves to
 weep.’

More’s SENSIBILITY.

RESTLESS and uneasy passed the hours of darkness, as soon as Aurora reddened in the orient, and the dusky shades of the morning succeeded the darkness of the night, she again repaired to the garden. A gleam of hope existed that she should escape the portending calamity, but it was only a gleam ; yet it gave her a short release from sorrow. It was as a ray of pleasure beaming through the clouds of despair.

The dappled morning rose serenely.

Amelia had often contemplated such a scene with romantic enthusiasm.

The butterfly flitted from flower to flower, apparently happy, and Amelia addressed to the little flutterer the following stanzas.

STANZAS TO THE BUTTERFLY.

STAY little rambler, whither dost thou go ?

Once more come near, expand thy beauteous wings,

Each flower for thee a balmy fragrance brings ;
Short is thy life, no sorrow dost thou know.

Thy wings a thousand varying tints display,
Spangled with gold, and tipp'd with azure blue ;

To grief a stranger, thou art always gay,
As thou the meadows rovest, and sipp'st ambrosial dew.

Or as thou wander'st through the sylvan bowers,
Extracting sweets from aromatic flowers,
Say, dost thy bosom ever joyless prove ?
Say, dost thou ever mourn thy hapless love ?

Yet though thy charms the raptur'd heart may warm,
Soon, soon thy transitory life is o'er ;
Thy glitt'ring charms the fancy please no more ;
Pride of the summer, faded is thy form.

Beauty, dost thou th' instructive scene survey ?
Does pity's tear stand trembling in thine eye ?
Or does thy bosom heave an heartfelt sigh ?
•Tis emblematic of thy transitory ray.

Though flatterers defy the heavenly form,
Though fools may idolize thine every charm,
A prey thou fall'st to Winter's ruthless power,
Too soon the frost of age shall nip the tender
flower.

But mental charms for ever shine the same,
Internal beauties admiration claim ;
These fear no change the hand of time can bring,
But bloom for ever as the rosy spring.

She adapted these lines to her guitar,
and with the aid of music and poetry, effectually beguiled the 'weary moments of sorrow.'

Violent indeed must have been that grief which would not listen to the soothing sounds of the instrument, when touched with so delicate an hand. The power of music on the mind can be felt, but not described. Cold, inanimate, and wrapped up in apathy must be that heart which will not feel itself soften and expand under the influence of harmonious sounds. The All-gracious Power, to whom we attribute the

formation of our minds, wisely and kindly ordained this heavenly art, to be the gentle soother of our sorrows.

The morning was now considerably advanced, and Robert did not appear. She began to imagine that he too had forsaken her, when she accidentally stumbled over a stone, and nearly fell to the ground. She knew that a stone of such magnitude must have been placed there intentionally, and felt a strong impulse to remove it. With some exertion of strength she turned it over, and found that it covered a letter addressed to herself. She hastily concealed it, and retired with precipitancy to her chamber. On opening it she found that it was from her faithful Robert. He informed that he had found it impossible to converse with her without exciting suspicion, but added, if she would meet him under the garden wall, at eleven in the evening, he would conduct her to a place of safety. He conjured her to be secret, and she knew full well that she should gain nothing by relating her information. Stanhope would never credit it, and perhaps might believe it manufactured to answer her own private pur-
poses.

To commit herself to the guidance of a servant was perilous, yet she preferred it to a more certain evil. The letter from the servant, which from the uncourtliness of the style, and still greater uncourtliness of the orthography, she had read with difficulty, mentioned as a signal, if she accepted the proposal, a white cloth suspended from her window at sunset. Having deliberately considered the consequences, and finally made up her mind on the subject, with an heart considerably lightened of its pressure, she joined the family at breakfast. The meal, on her part, was silent and solitary. Lorenzo's eye frequently met hers, and as often was bedewed with a tear. He remarked her ill health, and pressed her to eat. A languid smile crossed her cheek, as much as to say, 'You, my brother, are still my friend.

Evander soon entered the room ; Amelia would have withdrawn ; but Lorenzo, in a whisper, begged her to stay. Her appearance was altered indeed ; the roses of health that once bloomed on her countenance were withered ; the fine, benignant expression of her eyes was, if possible, heightened as they shone through her tears,

‘ As when the blue sky trembles through clouds
‘ Of purest white.’

Her appearance, though less animated, was not less interesting than ever, and the shade of sorrow, that sat so delicately on her brow, would have touched any heart, but that which was under the dominion of gold.

Stanhope, who vainly imagined that her regrets would wear away, now communicated, in a manner as tender and engaging as such information could be communicated, that her marriage was to take place on the ensuing morning. She raised her eyes mildly to heaven with an expression that so much affected Mrs. Stanhope, that she withdrew to conceal her emotions. Stanhope and Lorenzo soon followed her, and Amelia was again constrained to listen to the professions of Evander. She answered as she had uniformly done ; told him it was preposterous for her to think of giving her hand where she could not bestow her heart, and ended with solemnly assuring him that her lips should never sanction an engagement to which her heart would ever be adulterous. ‘ You may be assured,’ sir, said she, in a

• THOMPSON.

a firm and dignified tone, "that I never will barter happiness for wealth."

Lorenzo now entered, and she immediately retired, happy that she had been able to dissimulate her knowledge of his infamous plot.

The day was spent in a state of mind, which justly to delineate, would require more than mortal powers of expression. More than once was her resolution shaken by the thought of leaving, perhaps forever, a parent's house, and wandering an exile she knew not whither, and again revived by the dread of the threatened calamity. Evening arrived. She suspended the cloth from her window, and as soon as she could possibly frame an excuse, she retired to her chamber. To avoid observation, she extinguished her light. The village clock tolled ten; she opened her casement; all was silent except the roaring of the distant thunder, and the hollow murmurs of the wind. A dark cloud lay along the western horizon, and the repeated flashes of lightning and solemn roaring of the 'deep toned thunder,' portended an approaching tempest. 'One hour more,' mused she, 'and I shall quit, perhaps for ever, my paternal dwelling, and

like the wanderers from Eden, explore an unknown region. Oh, why am I reduced to this dreadful alternative? If some unseen divinity witnesses this conflict in my bosom, oh, may my heart's emotion plead for my indiscretion. Parent Supreme (and she knelt) look down on injured innocence! Oh, be thou a friend to the friendless; a guide to the wanderer. Other trust, I have none; even him whom I address with the endearing name of parent, I fly from; be thou then, Eternal Parent of the Universe, a father to the fatherless.'

She rose and leaned again from her window. The thunders continued to roll, and the flashes of lightning grew more terrific. Amelia was terrified, and on the point of relinquishing her purpose, when she discovered a person on horseback, slowly and carefully approaching. This discovery reanimated her courage; she paused a moment, then hastily putting on her cloak, she quitted her chamber. She listened on the staircase; the family were in a back parlour; she softly opened the door, and in a moment was in the street. All was silence within, and she was convinced that her flight was unnoticed. 'You are early, Robert,' said

she. He offered her his arm, and in a low and disguised voice, enjoined silence. They mounted on horseback, and rode swiftly away in an unfrequented road.

When they were at such a distance as not to fear detection, Amelia entreated to know whither they were going ; but her guide was still silent, and she trembled with terror. The cloud which had long hovered in the west, now obscured the face of the moon ; the thunders rolled incessantly, and to the vivid flashes they were indebted for all the light they enjoyed. Amelia's heart sunk with terror, when she heard the rumbling of an approaching carriage, and a voice which she too well knew to be Evander's, called on them to stop. At this moment her horse stumbled, and brought her to the ground. She fainted. Evander seized her in his arms, and hurried her to the carriage, pale and breathless.

CHAPTER XIX.

' An honest man's the noblest work of God.'
POPE.

In this state of inseparability, Amelia was hurried away, the unsuspecting and insensible victim of the merciless Evander. They drove with all the speed the darkness would permit, and long ere the morning blushed in the orient, they alighted at an inn in one of the adjacent towns, kept by one of that pliant class of people, who can see no criminality in any action, provided it adds to the heaviness of their purse.

Evander had observed Robert depositing his letter in the morning, and immediately examined it. Being thus apprized of their plan, he forged a reply in Amelia's name, requesting him to appear at twelve instead of eleven at night, and then employed a trusty servant to repair to the place of rendezvous, and carry her whither he should direct him.

When Amelia revived, she was on a sofa, in a strange place, with strange attendants about her. She considered it all as a dream, till Evander entered, and convinced her that it was reality. She started from the sofa, in the frenzy of desperation, and was quitting the room. Evander seized and forcibly detained her.

‘Let me go, traitor,’ said Amelia, almost frantic. ‘Robert, Robert, eh, where are you! where have you conducted me?’ ‘You needn’t fling out no hints about this house, ma’am,’ said a little fat old woman, who by her important demeanour appeared to be the mistress of the house, ‘we are *honourable* folks here, as this gentleman, your husband, knows, for he’s been here manys a times.’ ‘Q! he is not my husband,’ exclaimed Amelia, ‘he is not, he never will be.’ Evander interrupted her, and swore she was his wife. ‘It’s a pity,’ resumed the landlady, ‘that husbands and wives can’t agree no better, but then when they quarrel they always make it up again, for a man and his wife are one, as a body may say.’ ‘Are you a woman?’ said Amelia, ‘and will you suffer one of your own sex to be thus insulted, thus forcibly de-

tained in your house ?' 'Why, I don't see as how, as if he's your husband, but what he's a right to do as he's a mind to, however, I don't want to have no *violence* used in my house. 'For God's sake,' exclaimed Amelia, 'command the traitor to desist; he is not, he never shall be my husband.' The old woman precipitately left the room, and Ebbert began to treat Amelia with brutality. She shrieked for assistance, and an honest Son of Neptune rushed into the room, exclaiming, 'Avast hawling, shipmate, avast hawling, or I'll batter your hulk for ye, you *fire ship*. 'Who the devil are you?' exclaimed Ebbert furiously, quitting his hold on Amelia, and striding up to him with fierceness—'Who the devil are you?' 'I am honest Tom Tarpaulin, one of Neptune's jolly blades, as clever a lad as ever stepped between stem and stern; but who are you, Sir, and what have you to do with that lady?' brandishing a stately club, that made the astonished Ebbert retreat back several paces. 'I am a gentleman,' replied he, 'and'—'A gentleman!' interrupted the honest tar. 'A gentleman! Was you ever at Bombay?' 'No, you numskull,' replied Ebbert furious—

ly. 'Madras neither? Rolling down, past St. Helena, homeward bound, my boy—there's for ye.' 'This is insufferable,' said Ebbert, 'to be thus insolently insulted. Sirrah, quit the room instantly.' 'Batter my hulk if I do. What! see such a fine rigged vessel boarded by such a man of war as you, and not give the enemy chase!' 'Do you know whom you are insulting? do you know I am a gentleman unused to bear the insults of—' Blast me, my honey (with a shrug) do you know who I *are*? honest Tom Tarpaulin, just arrived from a voyage round northwest, in the good ship Driver, captain Fearnought, and now *steering* home in the country, to tie the *grand reef* with Peggy, to sail one voyage in the ship Matrimony, and then 'out again to sea, Sir;' that's Tom Tarpaulin's plan, shipmate.' He then placed himself immediately before Amelia, who sat silently looking up to Heaven, the picture of Resignation and Hope. 'Now, shipmate, sheer off,' continued the friendly sailor, 'keep well to the leeward, or I'll lay your vessel on her beam ends, and tear your rigging fore and aft like a *Harry-Cane*; keep off, or I'll send you to old Davy, with a salt eel for

your supper.' Ebbert in vain attempted to approach Amelia ; honest Tarpauling kept waving his friendly club fore and aft, exclaiming—' Some Peggy or Jenny I dares to say, that you've been stealing away from her sweet heart ; but by all the powers of the sea, you shan't have her, so bout ship and steer off, or douse your colours, you fresh water lobster. What would honest Tom Tarpaulin say, if a brother tar wouldnt defend his Peggy from the broad side of a land lubber ?' ' Do as you would be done by,' says our chaplain one day ; may I be soused in fresh water if I forget it. Besides, shipmate, it's in that great book there, the history of the voyage of Time in the great ocean Eternity, our chaplain said so.' Ebbert finding resistance would be vain, with a look of diabolical fury in his countenance, quitted the room. Tarpaulin turned round to Amelia, ' Now my sweet duck,' said he, ' you see the enemy are sheered off, shall we give him chase, or bout ship and steer home ?' Amelia, after several efforts, at length made the friendly sailor comprehend her story.

Here was a sad dilemma ; to leave her, was to expose her to new insults ; to stay

and guard her, would be beneficial to neither ; to conduct her home, would be steering directly from the port where he was to obtain the grand reef with his Peggy.

Amelia too feared to return to the home she had so unwarily left ; she knew not whether it would afford her an asylum from the persecutions of Evander. ‘ I tell you how it is, shipmate,’ resumed Tarpaulin, ‘ just over yonder is Peggy’s, there you’ll find a warm cabin, and a clean bunk, and there I’ll moor you safe, while I bout ship and steer to your father’s.’ Amelia was deeply penetrated with gratitude for the friendly offer. She drew her purse from her pocket, and was about to offer a reward for his kindness.—‘ Don’t open the locker,’ resumed he, ‘ Tom Tarpaulin has done no more than every Son of Neptune should. He don’t want any of your shiners ; he’s a purse of ’em as long and as heavy ; but if it was as long as a cable, every shiner should go before he’d suffer such a beautiful prize to be carried off by that dirty land lubber, who was never out of sight of land in his life. But what say, shipmate, will you go to Peggy’s ? you’ll find a tight vessel, good see room, and a plenty of roast beef in the locker.’

Evander who had listened to their conversation, now stepped in, and attempted to interfere. 'Miss Stanhope,' said he, 'will you suffer yourself to be carried off by that insolent sailor? you know not who he is, or whither he will carry you.' 'Any where,' replied Amelia, 'is preferable to your company.' 'But by Heaven this insolent puppy shall not carry you off.' 'But by every point of the compass,' replied Tarpaulin, 'I will, if she'll go. Peggy's folks are honest folks, and Peggy is as pretty a ship as ever was launched, rigged complete from stem to stern.' The voluble landlady too, observing that the sailor was likely to gain the victory, immediately veered round, like some very well meaning patriots, and joined the *strongest party*. 'I wonder,' said she, 'Mr. how you come to deceive me so! you told me the lady was your wife, or you should'nt have brung her here to bring disgrace on my house. You'll ruin my *reputation* for ever, if I let such *dishonourable fellows* as you come here, and bring young ladies that run away from their homes.'

Evander finding himself alone, without an ally, was obliged at length to retreat, and leave Amelia in the quiet possession of honest Tom Tarpaulin.

It was now morning. The rising sun shone on Amelia, a wanderer, an exile, going she knew not whither. Her friendly protector soon procured a chaise, and Amelia, conceiving that she had nothing to lose, accepted his generous offer. As she stepped into the chaise, she could discern at a distance, the hills and woodlands of her native village.

- Some natural tears she dropp'd but wip'd them soon,
- The world was all before her, where to choose
- Her place of rest, and Providence her guide.*

* PARADISE LOST.

CHAPTER XX.

' Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
' Their homely joys, and destiny obscure ;
' Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
' The short and simple annals of the poor.'

GRAY.

A FEW hour's ride brought the travellers to the cottage of Peggy's father. Amelia had now reason to rejoice that she had accepted the generous invitation. The cottage was plain, but commodious, and every where perfectly clean. Industry and competence was marked on every object ; neatness and order were every where apparent. Tarpaulin was received with transport ; the tear of genuine sensibility trembled in the eye of his peggy ; and when the ingenuous sailor had, in his own manner, made them acquainted with the story of Amelia, the cottagers welcomed her, in the style of real hospitality.

Peggy's father was an honest, well meaning, industrious labourer, endowed with a competent share of solid understanding, with

but a small proportion of the polish of learning. He was like an unpolished marble, containing all the inherent qualities, while the chissel of the sculptor and the artist, have never been employed to bring into view its hidden veins and rich variety of tints.

Peggy was the eldest of six promising children, whose mother had died at the birth of the youngest. She was about eighteen tall and genteelly built, her features were regular and beautiful ; in her countenance was an expression of ingenuousness, and her eyes beamed benevolence.

The neatness and order, not only of the house, but every article of furniture ; the decent and mannerly deportment of her younger brothers and sisters, were the best encomiums on her industry. Such was the family of Wilson. Peace, harmony, and contentment were their constant companions ; and happy in themselves, they beheld their more wealthy neighbors rolling by in their carriages, without even a sigh of discontent.

In this happy family Amelia was received with native hospitality, and every delicate attention was bestowed to cheer her

drooping spirits and revive her health, for the fatigue and confusion of the night were more than her delicate frame could support. She had now an opportunity to behold in Tarpaulin and his Peggy, an attachment as pure and tender as that which she once imagined to exist between Leander and herself.——The day was spent in congratulations and rejoicings; the return of their long expected Tarpaulin diffused universal gladness. With true sailor-like generosity, his long purse was flung into Peggy's lap, and his treasure of ribbands and foreign finery was more than the little cottagers had ever thought of possessing.

Amelia almost regretted that she had ever cultivated the faculties of the mind, since without knowledge, she found that people could be happy, and the refinements of her education had served only to barb the arrows of affliction. The ensuing morning was fixed on for Tarpaulin's journey to her father's, and Amelia wrote to her parents a faithful account of her extraordinary adventure, without mentioning where she was, for she was determined never to return to be the wife of Evander. Evening arrived, and she retired early, but sleep was a stranger

whose acquaintance she courted in vain. When she reflected on the former kindness of her parents, and the anxiety they must ere this have suffered on her account, her heart yearned to embrace them, and deeply did she regret her rash elopement.

Soon as the morning dawned, Tarpaulin was equipped ready to *set sail*, as he termed it, and having received his orders of Amelia, he set out with an heart full of glee, singing in a sonorous voice,

- ‘What girl but loves the merry tar ?
- ‘We o’er the ocean roam ;
- ‘In every clime we find a port,
- ‘In every port a home.’

CHAPTER XXI.

- Though in souls where taste and sense abound,
 - Pain through a thousand avenues can wound ;
 - Yet the same avenues are open still
 - To casual blessings as to casual ill,
 - Nor is the trembling temper more awake
 - To every wound that misery can make,
 - Than is the finely fashion'd nerve alive
 - To every transport pleasure has to give.'
- MORE'S Sensibility.

It is now necessary to return to the mention of the family of Stanhope. Great indeed was their consternation, when on entering the chamber of Amelia in the morning, they found it without occupant. Rage and grief by turns took possession of their breasts. Robert too was astonished ; he had waited for her an hour beyond the time appointed, and then retired, supposing that she had abandoned her design. When therefore he became acquainted with her actual elopement, his astonishment was visibly depicted on his countenance. Lorenzo, noticing his emotion, enquired the cause,

and he was easily persuaded to disclose the plan of her intended escape. This only made 'confusion worse confounded.' That she should engage to go off with Robert, fail of her appointment, and still be missing, was a mystery they could not unravel. Robert produced the note he had received, appointing the hour of his appearance, and Lorenzo instantly recognized the same hand with the anonymous letter, which had first shaken their confidence in Leander's fidelity. The letter was found among Amelia's papers and compared, the hand writing was too similar to have been written by different persons. To complete their confusion, Evander did not appear. The farcè of duplicity, which he had been playing, now began to unfold itself, and the only rational conjecture was the true one ; that Evander was the framer of all the calumnies which had been circulated to the prejudice of Leander ; that he was the author of the anonymous letter ; that by some mean he had become acquainted with her plan of elopement, had written the letter to Robert, that he might have an opportunity to carry her off himself. Pursuers were immediately dispatched in different routes, with but lit-

the hope of success. A day was spent in fruitless inquiries, neither Evander nor Amelia could be heard of.

While affairs were thus circumstanced, Leander was flying on the wings of affection to meet his Amelia. About the time that his uncle and cousins arrived in Philadelphia, he received Amelia's letter, and was amazed at its contents, till he heard from his uncle an epitome of the tales which calumny had invented concerning him. Impatient to confound his calumniators, and almost distracted with the thought of losing Amelia, he bade a hasty adieu to his friends, and proceeded on his journey with all possible dispatch. Just at this interesting crisis he arrived, and those who have felt what it is to love to adoration, and to be distracted with the thought of losing for ever all they hold dear on earth, can alone judge of his feelings. He had taken the precaution to procure affidavits of his moral character, from such authorities in Philadelphia, as convinced Stanhope that his credulous ear had been the cause of his present misfortune. Fatigued as he was with his hasty journey, Leander immediately ordered his horse, and resolved to set off, like Telemachus in search of Ulysses.

While Stanhope was instructing him, should his search prove successful, to assure Amelia of kind treatment, in rushed Tom Tarpaulin, exclaiming in a voice as loud as a man of war's boatswain, 'Halloa, halloa, shipmates, *all hands up on deck*, who wants to hear from Jenny?' His astonished auditors looked at each other and at him with amazement. Tarpaulin stepped up to Stanhope, and continued, 'Here, *Admiral* are Tom Tarpaulin's *dispatches*,' presenting Amelia's letter. 'Heaven bless you, my good friend,' exclaimed Stanhope, 'this is my child's hand.' 'Yes,' resumed Tarpaulin, 'Jenny wrote it herself, and honest Tom *hoisted his sails and scud before the wind* to bring it, and here it is, shipmate, as '*clean as a new cable*.' Stanhope broke the seal with impatience and read with emotion. 'Mr. Tarpaulin,' said he, when he had finished the letter, 'that I presume is your name.' 'Yes, Admiral, I am honest Tom Tarpaulin, as brave a lad as ever plowed the ocean.' 'You have my hand and heart,' resumed Stanhope, taking him by the hand, and turning to Mrs. Stanhope, 'My dear, we must look upon Mr. Tarpaulin as the preserver of our child; but tell

me, my good friend, where is she ?' ' May I never see fair weather again, if I tell ; may the next ship I sail in be *wrecked on the shoals of Nantucket*, if I tell where Jenny is, unless you swear by all the powers of the ocean that that *Tom lead of a fellow* shall never tie the *grand reef* with her.' The promise was as readily given on one part, as joyfully accepted on the other. ' Now,' continued the ingenuous tar, ' I'll tell you where Jenny is ; she's to Peggy's, *well moored in safe harbour*, in a *tight vessel*, and a *clean cabin*.' ' Conduct me to her, my friend,' said Leander, ' you shall not be unrewarded.' ' Reward, shipmate ! Tom Tarpaulin don't do a good action for *reward*, that would spoil all the fun ; besides, you know Jenny is as pretty a ship, almost as my Peggy, and do you think an honest Son of Neptune would see a dirty land lubber run a foul of such a *prize*. No, Tom Tarpaulin knew better ; in he bolted, and gave the enemy such a *broadside* as soon made him *douse his peak and sheer off* under *reefed topsail*, my boy.' Leander prepared immediately to accompany the friendly sailor to Peggy's. ' Yes, my boy,' said he, ' I'll pilot you into port. Now look ye, mess-

mates, *all hands ahoy!* now Tom Tarpaulin's happy; now he do'nt envy the merriest lad that ever sailed round north west, for, messmates, Tom Tarpaulin's heart beats higher when he's done a benevolent action; than if he'd *kill'd a shark, or caught a dolphin.*

Leander chid the tardiness of the time that brought him to his Amelia. His loquacious conductor entertained him on the road with a description of his Peggy and her family, and Leander, though he smiled at his simplicity, could not but admire his disinterested generosity and warm benevolence. These were qualities of the heart; and under whatever form they were exhibited, were worthy of admiration.

The carriage at length stopped at the door of the cottage. Leander's heart bounded with expectation, as he stepped over the threshold; in a moment he found himself in the presence of his Amelia. They rushed to each other's arms, and those who have felt the keen rapture of a safe return, can only imagine the feelings of two fond hearts, glowing with undivided affection. Amelia soon recollected herself, and coldly withdrew her hand. 'What does

this mean ?' exclaimed he, 'oh, my Amelia, when I bring you an undivided heart, why do you deny me your hand ! I come, Amelia, personally to offer an explanation ; the contents of your letter amazed me.' An eclairsissement took place, and Amelia found her Leander unaltered. With her usual ingenuousness she held out her hand, assuring him, that with it she gave an heart undivided. He seized it with rapture, pressed it to his lips, and his eyes spoke the silent language of his soul. 'Now that's good,' exclaimed honest Tarpaulin, 'that acts better on Tom Tarpaulin's stomach, than the best can of grog that ever he drank Peggy's health in, on a Saturday night.'

Amelia, after considerable persuasion made her friendly entertainers accept of a few trifling presents, and Leander enquired how he should reward her generous protector. 'Let me kiss Jenny once,' said he, 'that's reward enough for Tom Tarpaulin.' The ludicrous reward was bestowed, and Amelia, after receiving the promise of an early visit from Peggy, and assuring her that she should never forget her kindness, bade an affectionate adieu to the cottagers, to whom she had become really attached.

Pleasure and pain were combined in her emotions, as she drew near her paternal roof. Leander, with soothing tenderness, cheered her desponding spirits, by representing, in lively colours, the joy of her parents, on seeing her return.

We must pass over in silence, the scene of their interview. Parental and filial affection were expressed in that dumb eloquence, which mocks description. Critics have laboured much to demonstrate the impropriety of tears of joy, and have considered the *sigh of rapture*, as contrary to the order of nature. But tell me,

‘Ye whom the speaking tear surprizes, if
‘When nothing meets your eye but scenes of
 bliss,’

from what source does this ‘speaking tear’ proceed? Having restored Amelia to the arms of her parents, Leander bowed respectfully to Stanhope, ‘Now, my dear Sir,’ said he, ‘if my vindication of myself has been satisfactory, may I still presume to hope, that you will part with this inestimable gem, so recently restored to your possession.’ ‘To you,’ replied Stanhope, ‘an apology is due. I have been too precipi-

e, in affixing a stigma to your character, which I now find was as undeserved as disgraceful. 'No apologies,' interrupted Anderson, 'I will hear none; permit me once more to call you my father and I am happy.' 'My son, my son,' said Stanhope, pressing him to his bosom, while a tear glistened in his eye, 'you are worthy of the title; henceforth Leander and Amelia are both my children.' He then took a hand of each in one of his, saying, 'Your hearts have been long united, I now join your hands; may Heaven bless the union.' Leander bowed, and turning to Amelia, 'Now, my dear girl,' said he, 'I am completely happy; the study of my future life shall be to make you so.'

Lorenzo now entered. 'Mr. Anderson,' said Stanhope, 'suffer me to present my son; Lorenzo, I recommend Mr. Anderson to you as a brother.' 'As the brother of my Amelia,' said Anderson, embracing him, 'you are welcome to my heart; acquaintance will no doubt secure you a distinguished place in my affection, on your own account.'

Lorenzo was equally surprized and pleased at the return of Leander and Amelia.

He had just returned from an ineffectual search, almost in despair. Amelia tenderly apologised for the unnecessary pain she had given a beloved brother. 'Think no more of it, my sister,' said Lorenzo, 'all is now restored, all is as it should be.' The dewy moisture of sensibility beamed on Amelia's eye. Leander observed it, and repeated to her the following

SONNET.

'The same keen sense that bars the pangs to
part,

'Paints the wild rapture when return draws nigh,
'When bosoms beat to bliss, warm heart to heart,
'Hand grappling hand, and eye encount'ring eye.

'The round tear sliding down the burning cheek,
'In sweet Elysium wrapt the speechless powers,
'Or eyes suffus'd that eloquently speak.

'Shining like Summer suns, thro' May's soft
showers.

'Then, then it is, that souls of purer fire
'Snatch the rare raptures sacred to the few,
'The clinging kiss, the chat unknown to tire,
'And blest embrace, which dullards never knew.

'Then let me count not life by days and years,
'But smiles of sweet return, thro' separation's
tears.'

Amelia was now prevailed upon to retire to repose, and once more courted the gentle god of slumber, with a serene and placid satisfaction, such as was wont to dwell in her uncorrupted heart. At dinner she again met Leander, and happiness again crowned the festive board.

Indignation flashed from the countenance of Lorenzo, whenever the name of Evander was mentioned. 'My brother,' said Leander, 'he probably loved our Amelia, and his passion deprived him of reason.

We must forgive him, for we have all faults to be forgiven. Our contempt is a sufficient punishment for his insolence.' 'Generous youth,' replied Lorenzo, 'Heaven will reward such expansion of heart.'

In Lorenzo Stanhope, Leander found the exact counterpart of Amelia. The same delicacy of mind, the same purity of sentiment, characterized both.

'With equal virtue, form'd with equal grace,
'The same, distinguish'd by their sex alone ;
'Hers the mild lustre of the blooming morn,
'And his the radiance of the risen day.'

Leander's friendships were warm, and always inviolable. His heart cheerfully ac-

known Lorenzo for a friend, and he looked forward with joyous expectation to that happy period, when a more tender tie would subsist between them, when he might call him brother.

CHAPTER XXII.

‘Though time his silent hand across has stole,
‘Soft’ning the tints of sorrow on the soul,
‘The deep impression long my heart shall fill,
‘And every mellow trace be perfect still.’

More's SENSIBILITY.

LEANDER's first employment, after recovering from the fatigue of his journey, was to revisit the scenes of his nativity; and pay the tribute of a tear over the tomb which enshrined the best of parents. Memory had faithfully recorded the sad occurrences, and time, though it had softened, had not erased the impression. As the well known roof appeared, a tear bedimed the lustre of his eye, and a sigh escaped its prison of the heart.

He was accompanied by his uncle. They left their carriage at the inn, and proceeded slowly up the banks of the river. ‘This scene is much altered,’ said Leander, ‘since my departure. These villas on the banks

of the river, have a most beautiful effect on the romantic scenery.' Herbert pointed out an elegantly situated villa, 'That,' said he, 'is the summer residence of Somerton.' 'So near my own !' exclaimed Leander, and his eye glistened with pleasure.

By this time they had reached the gravel walk, which led to the venerable mansion. A little wicket gate opened into a lawn, at the end of which stood a pleasant summer house. The gardens were planned with exquisite taste, and art and nature were so happily blended as to give all the beauties of each, without the tiresome uniformity of the former, or the wild luxuries of the latter. Not a shrub, nor a plant appeared, but it called to Leander's mind some juvenile scene of happiness. He inspected every apartment, and retraced in each some scene of infancy. 'Here,' would he say, 'here, when seated by the social fire, I listened to the counsels of parental fondness.' Herbert opened the door of an apartment, which had been occupied as a library. Leander turned pale, and hid his face in his handkerchief. 'Here,' said he, 'was my father's favorite retreat ; here he 'reared the tender thought, and taught the young idea

how to shoot.' Here would my sainted parent direct my erring footsteps in the paths of happiness ; here would he paint in glowing colours the irresistible charms of virtue. Here I joined in offering up our matin prayer to the Creator ; here we paid our vigil tribute of gratitude and love.' He removed some of the books from the shelves ; his father's name was written in them ; he instantly closed them, and walked to the window to conceal his tears. ' These emotions, my dear Leander,' said Herbert, ' do credit to the goodness of your heart. While you retain your present feelings, it would be unnecessary to caution you never to profane this temple of the virtues, by an immoral or vicious action.' ' No, never,' replied Leander warmly ; ' these scenes shall be as a talisman to guard me in the path of virtue.' ' But, my nephew,' rejoined Herbert, ' the world is full of snares ; through the goodness of God, I hope you will ever think as you do now.' ' Ah, Sir ! I dare not presume on my own strength, but you shall be my mentor. If I have any virtues, I owe them to my father, to Mr. Granville, and to you. This heart, though it is subject to many errors, I trust

in God, will never find gratitude a painful duty.' 'Come, Leander,' resumed Herbert, 'the subject is too pathetic, we will drop it ; shall we take a walk in the garden ? Give me your arm, for you can scarcely support yourself.' 'Oh, Sir,' said Leander, '*you* can pardon this weakness ; indeed I never was a philosopher.' 'If, by philosophy, you mean *unfeelingness*, may you *never be a philosopher* ; but for once assume the fortitude of a *man*.' They entered the summer house, and the first object that caught Leander's eye was the following inscription, engraved on the wainscot by his father's hand.

INSCRIPTION.

Far from the tumult and the noise of life,
 Here sweetly pass the hours of rural ease,
 Here gentle zephyrs cool the sultry heat
 Of burning Sirius ; while Sol's parting ray
 Shed's on the pleasing scene a brighter glow,
 And the lone bird of eve, her plaintive note
 Resumes, and warbling, charms the twilight
 shade.

Here contemplation wafts th' immortal mind
 To yon bright world of light, and paints the bliss
 Design'd for virtue, when th' immortal part,
 The inmate of this feeble house of clay,
 Hails the glad herald of its separation
 From all beneath the sun.

Leander read it with emotion. He would have wept at the recollections it conveyed ; but his uncle's injunction was yet recent in his memory. ' After the proof you have given me,' said Herbert, ' of the goodness of your heart, I can no longer hesitate to relinquish the concern I have taken in your conduct. From this moment I give up the charge, and wish to retain no other right over you, than that of a faithful friend. You will remember, my young friend, that the inheritance you are now about to possess, is a sacred fiduciary deposit. It was gained in the toils of honest industry, labouring in the cause of unprotected innocence. But for this it might have been greatly increased ; but your father was an excellent man, Leander. The inheritance he left you, never caused a tear to roll down the cheek of the victim of lawless power.' He put a pocket book into Leander's hand, saying, ' By the contents of this, you will see that you are possessed of an 'elegant sufficiency' of wealth. You are young, I know, but you are virtuous, and this is my assurance that I shall never repent having put you in the possession of affluence at so early a period of your life.'

Leander's heart was too full to reply. After several attempts, he said, 'You will not withdraw from me your counsel, Sir? Alas! I shall err widely, if left to myself.' 'I shall still claim your confidence, my nephew. Consider me as an inviolable friend, and should you ever meet with difficulties in life, confide in me as a father. I expect soon to see you at the head of a family; may you be happy.'

At this moment Somerton entered the summer house. 'Welcome home, my friend Anderson,' said he. Leander flew to embrace him. Herbert soon after withdrew, telling Leander that he should not return to M—— till the following morning. 'Why are you so grave, my dear Anderson?' said Edward, 'May I ask the subject of the conversation I interrupted?' 'My uncle has been giving me the securities of my fortune, and with them, his parting advice. His manner was so solemn, and his advice so pathetic, that I was extremely affected.' 'But you are not yet twenty?' 'True,' replied Leander, 'but such is my uncle's confidence in me, that he has given me the whole of my fortune at a period'—'When you expected it,' interrupted Somerton,

smiling. 'I suppose he is acquainted with your engagements with Miss Stanhope.' 'I am so fortunate as to meet his approbation in that, as in every other particular.' 'He is a good man,' said Somerton. 'He is indeed; and my cousins'——' Ah! your cousins are amiable girls. Eliza is beautiful beyond description. But why so melancholy, Leander? I am concerned to see you so grave.' 'I am only serious,' said Leander; 'had you listened to the lesson of virtue, I have just heard, you must have been serious too. The scenes I have witnessed have called up recollections which I own I should be glad to dissipate.' Somerton proposed to join some of his young companions at a public house. Leander hesitated at first; but a satirical smile from Somerton, aroused him to a consideration that what he proposed was perfectly innocent, and they walked out together.

Leander found himself in a new society. The companions to whom Somerton introduced him, were a set of mercenary wretches, whose principles were as corrupt as their hearts were vicious, and their minds ignoble. His heart has hitherto beaten in unison with reason and virtue; yet his pas-

sions were warm, his temper extremely susceptible ; and his mind, pure as the new fallen snow, and innocent as the sportive lambkin, could ill brook the idea that there were hearts differently moulded from his own. Vice and immorality he now found would meet with a welcome reception in society ; and a miserable combination of lewdness, profanity, and affected infidelity, obtained the appellation of *wit*. Unused to such a scene and such society, Leander hung down his head, and unconsciously sunk into a profound meditation. His imagination had flown back to the scenes he had just witnessed ; and when he contrasted them with the present scene, and his present companions, a blush of ingenuous shame overspread his countenance, and with his natural benevolence of heart, he tried to persuade himself that the caricature he had drawn of his companions was the offspring of prejudice, rather than penetration. His silence and seriousness at length drew on him the eyes of the whole company, and unable to stand their united raillery, he felt relieved when cards were introduced to kill the time.'

The character of the company was now

more fully developed ; the petty tricks of simulation, and all the mean arts of the gamester, were admirably well displayed. Leander was astonished that Somerton, whom he had ever considered a pattern of probity, could feel in the least degree interested in such a scene. Among the passions that slept in Leander's heart, that of gaming was predominant, and this alone would have made his situation tolerable, till he could decently retire. As they were returning, he could not help expressing his surprise to Somerton, that he was so apparently easy and gay in the midst of so much immorality. 'You would retire then from the world,' replied Somerton, 'a hermit, a recluse?' 'If these are the boasted pleasures of society,' rejoined Leander with warmth, 'far rather would I live a recluse, than mingle in such a motley crowd ; but the best of parents early taught me to distinguish between innocent diversions, and guilty revelry. The former is consistent even with piety to God, the latter degrades intelligent men, to a company of Bacchanals.' Edward softened his voice, 'My Leander,' said he, 'is eloquent on this subject, but he has yet to learn that our pas-

sions'——' Must be regulated,' interrupted Anderson. 'I suppose your grave preceptors tell you so; but if our passions were implanted in our natures, certainly the God of nature intended them as a source of satisfaction.'

Leander's imagination was heated by wine and merriment, and he listened eagerly. The artful Somerton saw the favourable moment, and entered into an eloquent harangue on the empire of passion over reason, religion and virtue. 'You will confess,' added he, 'that every impulse of your nature, contrary to the dictates of what you call reason, is a passion, which you say you must overcome; but suffer me to ask, whence were these passions derived? Were they not implanted in the soul when it first animated a mortal form? You will undoubtedly answer, they were; if so, they must proceed from Deity, and is it not the height of presumption and impiety to pretend that any evil can flow from the *Fountain of all Good*?' Edward's manner was insinuating, and the tone of voice in which this sophistry was uttered, made it appear less inconsistent. Leander did not attempt to refute, for his guardian angel slept. Ed-

ward continued, 'For example (we will look at home, Leander) you have acknowledged that your inclination strongly impels you to gaming ; that you find in it an attractive charm, which you are incompetent to resist. This you believe is a passion, which you must restrain, and if possible, overcome. But did it not originate from God himself ? You may say no ; but will your reason point to any other source ? 'All things proceed from God,' virtues and vices, good and evil ; acquiesce then in the will of Heaven, and not attempt to stifle the growth of that which God himself implanted in your soul. The inspired penman wrote, 'Take no thought for tomorrow.' Let us obey the heavenly precept, Let us endeavour to make each day pleasurable, and assure ourselves 'that tomorrow shall be as this day, but much more abundantly.'

The fatal blow was struck. The foundations of his virtue were sapped, and one after another they must moulder away, till the fair fabric of innocence totter on the brink of destruction,

CHAPTER XXIII.

' Let this auspicious day be ever sacred;
' No mourning, no misfortune happen on it ;
' Let it be mark'd for triumph and rejoicing ;
' Let happy lovers ever make it holy,
' Choose it to bless their hopes, and crown their wishes.'

FAIR PENITENT.

ON the following morning, Herbert and his nephew left the villa, and Leander cast many a 'longing lingering look behind ;' but when he reflected that Amelia would soon be the partner of his happiness, and this their happy residence, his thoughts ascended in grateful transport to that power, whom he had been taught to adore as the author of 'every good and every perfect gift.'

The vast horizon of life now seemed gilded with pleasure. Not a sombre ray, not a darkening cloud intervened to overshadow the sunshine of the breast. He gazed on the scenes of futurity through hope's

delightful perspective, and the retrospect of the past left but few misfortunes to regret, and few follies to lament ; the present was bright and unclouded. The joyful day at length arrived, that made him the happiest of mortals, and gave him the gentle Amelia, a kind and affectionate companion,

• To raise the virtues, animate the bliss,
• And sweeten all the toil of human life.⁴²

This might with propriety be termed an union of hearts, and if similarity of taste, congeniality of principles, and a mutual attachment, approaching nearly to adoration, and this attachment founded in reason and virtue ; if these are the happy omens of conjugal felicity, Leander and Amelia might truly anticipate a life of transport. At the desire of Amelia, the nuptial ceremony was performed without eclat, and the superfluous expense was appropriated to purposes of benevolence. Amelia's apparel was characteristic of innocence and simplicity. A simply elegant wreath of roses ornamented her lovely forehead, while the downcast look, and deep blush of modesty, added graces indescribable to her beauteous form.

Anderson's paternal residence had been fitted up for their reception in a style of rural elegance, and after spending a few days with their friends in M——, and receiving the congratulations of their numerous acquaintances, this fortunate couple entered into those scenes of life, which were the very reality of Leander's most enthusiastic wishes. The occasion was celebrated by an elegant ball, and Somerton easily gained permission to be the partner of Eliza ; and Lorenzo, actuated by purer motives, attended the amiable Harriet, whose elegant converse and truly dignified behaviour, had excited in his heart the first dawnings of attachment, more than common friendship, and drew from him those civilities which, if they be not the 'essence of affection,' serve greatly to 'perpetuate and strengthen it.'

The situation of Anderson and his Amelia, was now such as their imaginations had pointed out as blissful.

Their company was courted by the beau monde, and had they chosen it, they might have proceeded in a round of amusements ; but the calm pleasure of retirement, domestic ease, and a well assorted library, afforded them those delicate transports,

known only to the virtuous. It was the 'elegant sufficiency,' so emphatically described by the poet. Thus had his father entered into life, and Leander, as he traced the happy similarity, looked up to Heaven in joyous hope that he should be enabled by his virtues to imitate the example.

An affluent fortune rendered an assiduous application to the duties of his profession as an attorney, unnecessary, yet his talents were not allowed to rest in oblivion. His eloquence at the bar, and the honest integrity of his heart, had gained him the rivalry of many, the envy of more, and the admiration of all.

The sun of prosperity had arisen in majestic splendour, and diffused the prolific beams of happiness over 'a widely extended landscape of pleasing hopes.'

CHAPTER XXIV.

- Honour's a sacred tie, the law of Kings ;
- The noble mind's distinguishing perfection
- Which aids and strengthens virtue when
meets her,
- And imitates her actions where she's not
- It ought not to be sported with.'

ADDISON'S CAT

SUCH was the situation of affairs, w
Anderson one morning received a
from Mr. Dilemma, the purport of whic
learned, amidst an abundant display of
sical acquirement, and many Latin
Greek quotations, was to deliver a note f
his friend, Mr. Evander Ebbert. On br
ing the seal, Leander found it was a r
ern, fashionable cant of invitation, to vio
the laws of God and man ; or, in o
words, a challenge to appoint time and pl
and meet him as a man of honour ou
• I will meet him at my own house,'
• Leander, 'a man of honour ought to n
his friend, by all means.' He retired to

closet for a moment, and indignation struggled with the law of conscience. It was but a momentary struggle. The horrors of duelling came to his mind in their full force, and he shuddered to think that he had hesitated. He wrote a calm, and unimpassioned reply, and invited Evander to dine with him on the ensuing day. He delivered the note to Dilemma, and, with a smile, assured him that he should endeavour to prove himself a man of *real* honour. Dilemma did not appear to understand the allusion, and enquired if he would have seconds, or meet alone. 'I will meet your friend in the open field of argument,' replied Leander; 'your company will be acceptable, if you will join us.' 'The field of *arrangement*!' repeated Dilemma, 'your note doubtless appoints time and place.' With several more classical quotations, and all about *honour*, Mr. Dilemma took his leave.

Leander pursued his usual occupations, his studies and his amusements, with that easy cheerfulness, that ever plays round the heart of him, 'who hath his quarrel just.'

Amelia, on the contrary, trembled for the events of tomorrow; and her confidence in Leander's firmness, was hardly adequate to her fears,

The hour arrived. He had previously requested the presence of Somerton, and when his guests arrived, he received them with an easy gaiety, that formed a striking contrast to the confusion of Evander, and the solemn deportment of Mr. Dilemma. Leander started a variety of lively topics, during dinner, and conversed with uncommon, and seemingly unaffected gaiety. When the cloth was removed, and Amelia had withdrawn, he assumed a serious aspect, and entered on the subject of debate, in a moderate and unimpassioned manner. He endeavoured to make his antagonist feel his error, by representing his conduct in a just, but highly coloured portraiture. 'I do not mean to enrage Mr. Ebbert,' added he, 'I aim only to convince. I am conscious of the rectitude of my conduct; I did not even resent the injuries you intended me, when you strove to rob me of my plighted love. I allowed for violence of passion, and was ready to attribute the error rather to the head than the heart. My sentiments are decidedly against the murderous practice of deciding contests at the risque of the life of one or both of the combatants; and I shall never be persuaded to decide the present

dispute by the sword.' The company looked amazed, and Evander, starting suddenly from his chair, exclaimed, 'Then you refuse to make me satisfaction, then you are a coward.' 'I have no satisfaction to make,' resumed Leander, 'you are the aggressor ; as to the imputation of cowardice, I can bear it calmly, for I mean to be reasonable.' 'You are a coward,' repeated Evander impetuously, 'you refuse me the satisfaction, which, as a man of honour, you are bound to grant ; I repeat it, you are a coward.' 'No, my friend, I refused you, not from cowardice, but from reason, from principle, from a real sense of honour. I mean not to pronounce my own panegyric, but I may be allowed to vindicate my conduct, from the principles I hold inviolate. I thought by my silence to have convinced you, that I was superior to the prejudices and false opinions of the times, which often impel men to the commission of a crime, above all others base, even the crime of *shedding the blood of their brother*. If we have no respect for the express law of God, which, in the very letter, speaks aptly to the subject, 'Thou shalt not kill ;' if, blinded by the mist of infidelity, we discern not

in this energetic command, a revelation of the will of the GREAT I AM; if we deride this sacred oracle; let us pay some little regard to that inward monitor we feel within us, this *law of conscience*.'—'Mr. Anderson,' interrupted Ebbert, 'this is no time to moralise; are you prepared to give me the satisfaction I demand, or meet the contempt of every man of honour?' 'My friend,' rejoined Anderson, 'the vague, indeterminate definition, which is usually affixed to the word honour, is in my opinion, neither satisfactory, nor just.' In the common acceptance of the term, it means little more than persevering effrontery in guilt, and hardened insensibility of heart. You say it is no time to moralise; but it is time to pause, to reflect, to put in practice the principles of morality. When we are tottering on the verge of destruction, shall we commit the guidance of our conduct to principles, which are as barbarous and repugnant of the feelings of humanity, as they are disgraceful to their professors, and productive of the most fatal consequences? Let us see if the least glimpse of reasonable argument can be shown, why I am authorised to perpetrate the blackest crime our nature can com-

mit. None, I presume, which reason would not blush to own. Evander attempted not to interrupt, and Anderson continued, 'Let us now draw an imperfect outline of the miseries attendant on the execrable practice of duelling, and see if the *man of honour* will not turn in horror from the portrait. You and I, we will suppose, have received from each other some real or imaginary injury, an altercation follows, and we adopt the fashionable mode of decision. I pay for my temerity with my life. I rush, uncalled and unprepared, into eternity, and have not time for a moment's reflection on the all important subject of an invisible world. I have a young, a beautiful wife, whom I love to adoration, who returns my affection with equal sincerity. Figure to yourself her distraction ; see her weep over the mangled corpse of him who was blest with her affection ; see her bend in anguish over the lifeless clay ; see the fine, benignant expression of her countenance exchanged for the 'soul piercing wildness of despair ;' hear her sobs, her broken exclamations ; no pencil can portray her distresses, but happily they are of short duration ; see her faint on the breathless form of her

‘ first and only love ;’ see her expire in agony.’ Evander trembled and turned pale. ‘ Does the picture affright you ? Yet this is not half the misery you will accumulate. Observe her wretched parents. View the pallid countenance of her distracted father ; see how he struggles with affliction, when memory, too faithful memory, recalls the scenes of sportive child’hood, when he clasped the little cherub of innocence to his bosom, and blessed Heaven for a gift so perfect. Now view the affecting reverse. But a mother’s anguish, who shall attempt to describe ? Feelingly alive to every finer glow, and possessed of the softness natural to her sex, her heart feels more intensely the weight of sorrow, and her anguish mocks description. Nor is this all. Behold, through a long train of connections, despair depicted on every countenance ; every eye surcharged with tears, and every bosom with sorrow. Would to God the gloomy picture ended here ; but oh, unhappy man ! this is comparatively bliss, when we think of that ‘ inward hell of guilt’ you must suffer. The moment the fatal blow is struck, passion, that spur to every crime, deserts his follower ; the spring of reason

resumes its elasticity, and—horror, guilt, and remorse, are enkindled in your bosom, and burn more furiously than *Ætna's* flames. 'There is but one dreadful alternative; a public, ignominious death, or safety by flight. Suppose you are fortunate enough to elude the vigilance of justice, you wander an exile, a fugitive, suffering continually the pangs of a *guilty conscience*. But should swift footed justice overtake you, ere you have time to escape, how will you dare to face the offended majesty of that people, whose laws you have flagrantly violated? You are arraigned at the tribunal of public justice; you receive that sentence, which the just law of the state inflicts on the murderer, and an inglorious halter terminates an existence, which might have been a blessing to society.' 'Good God,' exclaimed Evander, 'are these things real?' 'They do not half equal the reality; to paint them in their native horrors, would require the language of Pandemonium.'

Evander's countenance had undergone a variety of changes; even Mr. Dilemma, though he seldom allowed any person to speak but himself, listened in attentive silence. At length Evander replied. 'Your

arguments, Mr. Anderson, are forcible, they may be just; but should I retract now, what an opinion must the world form of my courage?' 'Far, very far,' rejoined Leander, 'would you be from deserving the imputation of cowardice. To retract an error is noble, is really *courageous*; to conquer our own passions is a glorious victory. On the contrary, the duellist is of all men the greatest coward. He is afraid of the censure of a few, unprincipled wretches, who are stupidly deaf to the cries of suffering humanity; he is *afraid to obey the dictates of his own conscience*. I am not afraid to encounter you, Mr. Ebbert, but I own, (nor do I blush to own it,) I am afraid to violate the laws of God and man; I am afraid to forfeit the favour and protection of Heaven, by wantonly and flagrantly violating the express command of the Most High.'

Evander was confused. 'Mr. Anderson,' said he with embarrassment, 'Somerton is our common friend; he will therefore be impartial; permit me to speak with him alone for a moment.' Somerton was happy to hear this proposal, for he saw the secret workings of Evander's soul, and he knew that one moment more, would bring

conviction to his heart. Anderson invited Mr. Dilemma into the library, and with him fled every good impression he had made on Evander's mind. 'What the d—— shall I do, Edward?' said he. 'Apologise for your conduct,' was the reply; 'he will be your friend eternally, and it may be of inconceivable benefit to us, to have him for a friend.'

When Anderson returned, Evander met him at the door. 'If I should retract,' said he, 'could I hope for your esteem; could you look upon me as a friend?' 'Yes, my friend,' said Leander, clasping his hand with warmth, 'henceforth permit me to address you with that endearing appellation. Apologies are unnecessary; you were misguided, but not intentionally criminal, for a good heart alone yields to conviction. 'Your's is the real honour,' resumed Evander; 'I acknowledge——' 'No acknowledgements,' interrupted Anderson; 'trust me, I have consigned to oblivion, all that has passed.' 'Let us drink,' added he, filling his glass, 'a draught of the Lethe waters.' '*Eternal Oblivion* to our misunderstanding.' The parties coalesced in the toast, and Leander resumed the unaffected cheerfulness of triumphant virtue.

CHAPTER XXV.

So pass'd their life, a clear, united stream,
By care unruffled ;
While with each other blest, creative love
Still bade eternal Eden smile around.'

THOMSON.

THE truly felicitious situation of Anderson and his Amelia, now seemed to contradict the assertion, that 'perfect happiness is not the growth of the terrestrial soil.' The most beatific vision of Paradise could hardly suggest the idea of more tranquillity ; calm as the breath of the zephyr, and unruffled as the smooth surface of the placid river, whose waters steal in silence to the ocean ; the path of life seemed to be strewed with ever blooming roses, and they enjoyed their delicious fragrance, and as yet felt not the sting of the concealed thorn.

Anderson was rising swiftly in the esteem of all around him. His venerable parent had left an impression on the minds of his townsmen, which would have ensured a degree

of respect for the son, independent of his own personal worth. But public applause was but a 'secondary' object. The calm pleasures of the domestic circle, a select society of friends, the joys of *feeling*, and the pleasures of the mind, were esteemed the climax of all human felicity.

To those who have never felt 'that attachment, which vibrates in every fibre of the feeling heart,' such a situation may appear dull and tasteless; but to minds like Leander's and Amelia's, few circumstances in life would admit of a comparison with their rural excursions, when, happy as the first created pair in the garden of Eden, they hand in hand sought out the cooling shades, and listened to the plaintive notes of Amelia's guitar, or the livelier strains of Leander's clarionette. Enthusiastically attached to rural scenery and rural pleasures, they often prolonged these excursions, till long after the pale moon glimmered through the trees, and the Whippoorwill filled every pause of the guitar. Sometimes Amelia would accompany the instrument with her voice, in some favourite air, often of her own composition.

'It was on one of those delightful occasions

evenings, when full orb'd Cynthia rises in mild, yet majestic splendour, soon as the orb of day recedes behind the western hills, at this happy couple bent their footsteps along the banks of the river. The gentlest zephyrs fanned the smooth surface of the stream, and every undulating wave glowed with myriads of reflected gems.

‘Business, and noise, and day, were fled,
 ‘And every care but love.’

The sweet musician of evening, the lonely Whippoorwill, had begun her accustomed requiem to the departing shades of twilight. ‘Why is it,’ said Leander, ‘that poets would dwell with so much fervour on the music of the Nightingale, and wholly neglect the lovely warbler who now so “sweetly bids the day adieu?”’ ‘She is the American Philomela,’ said Amelia, ‘and venturing to depart from the usual poetical track, I have sometimes made her the subject of my verse. You shall hear a little of it, I composed last evening, provided you will not criticise the irregularity of the versification.’ Leander listened with pleasure to the following

CANZONET.

THE sun has descended beneath the green wave,
And the dew-drops of even the wild flower lave ;
While the gentle queen of night, beams on yonder rippling rill,
I'll listen to the strain of the plaintive Whippoorwill.

No more shall the poet be proud of his lay,
Apollo shall yield to the muse of the spray ;
No tabor of the plain, no music of the hill,
Can equal thy strain, O lovely Whippoorwill.

The Robin may sing the soft sonnet of love,
And Philomel warble her woes to the grove ;
Though the soft, tender lay may the soul of rapture thrill,
They can ne'er be compar'd to the lonely Whippoorwill.

In life's rugged path, where few roses we find,
Where hope is delusive, and fortune unkind,
Should the fickle goddess frown, I could meet her with a smile,
While I listen to the strain of the plaintive Whippoorwill.

No attractions have riches and honours for me,
I'd part with them all for a brook and a tree ;
E'en a sceptre I'd resign for a ramble on the hill,
And one tender strain from the plaintive Whippoorwill.

Not the wealth of Potosi should tempt me to rove,

From my cascade, my grotto, my streamlet, my
grove ;
Contentment still endears the sweet banks of the
rill,
And pleasures in the voice of the lovely Whip-
poorwill.

‘How differently moulded from our own, must be those hearts,’ said Leander, ‘who sicken at such amusements, and behold with cold indifference such a delightful prospect. This scene would have charmed a Thomson ; but there are minds so constituted, as to derive little pleasure in the contemplation of the ‘beauty and sublime’ in nature, who will willingly turn aside to the first object of fictitious elegance.’ ‘The virtuous can enjoy such a scene,’ said Amelia ; ‘for the vicious, nature has not a charm.’ Leander pressed her hand ; ‘how much is our present felicity enhanced,’ said he, ‘by the recollection, that were the angels spirits of my parents permitted to look down upon us, they could not disapprove our choice. In these moments, Amelia, I always think of my parents. To look up in humble confidence to Heaven, and claim the protection of angelic powers, is a lot peculiarly happy ; yet the pride of man can prompt him to deny the existence of that God, whose divine

protection is so essential to our happiness.

Hither let the atheist come, let him view the spangled heavens above, and the spangled waters below, and he must acknowledge that there is a Supreme Power, who created not only a world, but miriads of worlds. How many sublime ideas does such a scene inspire ! When we gaze on the stupendous works of creation, how comparatively little does our world appear. It is impossible that this should be our only existence ; we shall meet, Amelia, in that world whither my parents are gone before us. May the pride of philosophy never tempt us to resign this pleasing hope. Enthusiasm were far preferable to *such* philosophy.

A small skiff had long hovered in sight ; it now proceeded down the stream, and the dashing of the oars added another beauty to the scene. The sweet notes of a violin floated melodiously on the waters. The airs were plaintive and soft, and after various movements from the lively notes of rapture to the wild sweepings of anguish ; after alternately exciting a smile and a tear, the performer introduced a wild, irregular

air, and accompanied it with a voice uncommonly harmonious. They listened attentively, and heard most exquisitely performed Collins's admirable Ode to the Passions. Had Collins heard the strain, he must have confessed, that even his beautiful performance was still indebted to music for half its attractions. The varied tones expressed the various passions ; fear was wild and disordered ; melancholy, pensive and delightful ; hope, expressively soft, and joy, lively and extatic. ' Why,' said Leander, ' has Collins omitted love, that ' master passion of the breast ?' Certainly that great master of the passions, could not have been insensible to love.' The music ceased, and the boat moved towards the shore. Leander struck up his clarionette, to one of his favourite airs ; he was answered on the violin, with ' rural felicity,' and a voice, which he knew to be Somerton's, accompanied the instrument. As soon as the boat arrived at the shore, Somerton disembarked, and joining Leander, pressed him to prolong their walk. Amelia declined ; but urged Leander not to suffer her to deprive him of the pleasure of walking with his friend. We will wait on Mrs. Andeson home,' said Leander ; I will then join your party.

CHAPTER XXVL

‘ Nor think
 ‘ That virtue, in sequester’d solitude
 ‘ Is always found. Within the inmost soul
 ‘ The hidden tempter lurks nor less betrays
 ‘ In the still seeming safety of retreat,
 ‘ Than where the treacherous world delusive
 smiles.’

More’s, SACRED DRAMAS.’

SOMERTON proposed retiring to a public house, and Leander unwarily consented. Already had the sophistry of Somerton considerably weakened his objections to the indulging of his favourite passion for play. As yet he had never strayed from the path of rectitude ; but he had begun to think very differently of the fashionable follies of the times. He had too implicitly followed the maxims he had drawn from books, and too fatally neglected the study of the human heart. Human nature he knew only in theory. Suspicion was a stranger to his bosom, and when the language of kindness

vibrated on his ear, he looked not for a heart of adamant ; when virtue sat upon the tongue, he sought not for a ' soul black with treachery.'

Edward and Evander were *professional gamesters*, in the confidence of each other ; and this was so artfully concealed from Leander, and so great was Somerton's ascendancy over him, that one might as well have attempted to shake the earth from its centre, as to persuade him of his insincerity. What a magic charm is there in a gaming table, that can outweigh the dictates of reason, and even the precepts of religion ? That the eye which has often glistened with the dew of sensibility, can gaze with anxiety on a set of *figured papers*, and the mind where science has shed her effulgent ray, can feel as much interested in a *deal*, as in the fate of a nation ? Much more mysterious, that the heart that is guarded on all sides by principles the most inviolate, which beats in unison with religion, can so far debase itself, so far forget the dignity of its nature, as to stoop to the mean arts of base dissimulation. Tell me ye men of science, ye, who pretended to shew the causes of actions of men, ye philosophers,

who can trace every action to its purest source, through as many intricate mazes as the famed labyrinth of Crete ; tell me, what is this potent magic that can work such astonishing changes ; this irresistible attraction so much superior to reason, virtue, and domestic happiness ? For at present all is conjecture, all is vain enquiry.

If the passions of Leander were already inflamed, his reception at the tavern was calculated to add fuel to the blaze. The neat apartment, sparkling glasses, and the cheerful countenances of his companions, all conspired to facilitate his progress in the love of dissipation. Cards were introduced, and Leander felt compelled to join his companions ; but he did it with repugnance, for, though his objections to play were weakened, they were not overcome.

An unfortunate succession of winnings, made it *ungentlemanlike* not to give his antagonists opportunity to recover their losses. Too polite to refuse (if politeness be not dishonoured by the use) and too unskilful to be long successful, his winnings were soon reversed. He then would gladly have withdrawn ; but the same courtesy he had shewn to others was not shewn to himself. Som-

erton too, was his partner, and appeared unwilling to retire. Thus situated, Leander found it impossible to disengage himself, and Edward and Evander now thought their prey entirely in their power; for they knew full well, that 'every indulgence of a vicious inclination, renders a second indulgence more easy.'

The midnight bell had rolled through the silent air ere Leander left the tavern, and for the first time in his life, felt the stings of remorse. His heart suffered severely from a consciousness that he had *done wrong*. Sleep long refused him its wonted consolation, and when tired nature, at length overcame with watching, sunk in the arms of Somnus, mysterious visions haunted his imagination. Long and painful were the intervals between the broken slumbers of the night; alas! his conscience denied him its usual approbation.

While affairs were thus circumstanced at W——, Edward was constant and assiduous in his visits to the Herbert family. Eliza now indulged fair dreams of happiness. Hope scattered her fair flowers over the landscape of life, and whispered fond, delusive stories tomorrow. To the fascina-

CHAPTER XXVII.

' Virtuous and vicious, every man must be,
' Few in th' extreme, but all in a degree ;
' The rogue and fool, by fits, are fair and wise,
' And e'en the best, by turns, what they despise.'
POPE.

THE morning of prosperity was too bright to last. The machinations of Somerton succeeded, and Anderson was no longer himself. He had exchanged the soft peace of conscious innocence, for the restless inquietude of remorse. His brow was clouded with anxiety ; the voice of love was no longer music in his ear ; his youthful cheek no longer wore the crimson flush of health ; his eye no longer beamed the serenity of his soul. He frequently spent whole nights with Somerton and Ebbert, in such pursuits as it pains humanity to think of, and over which charity would cast her celestial mantle. By degrees his mind became so familiarised to the society of his vicious companions, that the spark of virtue was stifled, if not entirely eradicated.

Amelia saw this change with the keenest anguish. She had entered into life with him, with the brightest prospects of futurity, and when she saw those prospects fading away, when she saw his brow constantly clouded with care, she would have administered the balm of consolation ; but she knew not the depth of the wounds she essayed to heal.

By a strict economy, in domestic concerns, she endeavoured as much as possible to avert the wide ruin she saw impending over their heads. The birth of a son, however, recalled Anderson awhile from his mad pursuits. It was, alas ! but a momentary respite. The subtle arguments of the treacherous Somerton again drew his wandering footsteps from the paths of peace. His fortune was wasting rapidly ; yet he had not sufficient courage to extricate himself from the snare, into which he had fallen. Yet there were hours of reflection, of serious, painful reflection. He still felt all that a father can feel for his little Alonzo ; he still almost idolized his Amelia ; and he still revered the shades of his departed parents. To drown the recollection of the

past, and the dreadful anticipation of the future, he plunged still deeper in the scenes of dissipation. Herbert felt for Leander all the affection of a parent. How keen then must have been his anguish, when he saw the wide cloud of ruin, which was gathering, and almost ready to burst upon the head of a once promising youth, dear to him as a child, and the only remaining branch of a family once near his heart ; when he saw that indigence and misery must inevitably ensue, unless some speedy means were devised, to deter him from the rock on which so many thousands have perished.

But Eliza, hapless Eliza, her's was the heart that felt, most exquisitely, the weight of anguish ! She had formed many flattering presages of future happiness ; but her hopes were now all blighted ; the roses of happiness were withered, and love was left to prove the torment of her future life. To continue a connection with an unprincipled gamester, was repugnant to every feeling of delicacy, and every principle of virtue. She strove to cast him from her thoughts, but strove in vain. Vain, indeed was the struggle between the cool dicta

of reason, and the impetuosity of love, That a form so engaging should conceal a heart so depraved, both surprised and grieved her. She determined to think no more of a connection which, were it prolonged, must wound her delicacy, as well as her reputation. Eliza's sensibility was exquisite, and her heart, naturally generous and affectionate; and when she was compelled, at length, to withdraw her esteem from Somerton, she would not disengage her affection. She was a prey to silent anguish, and concealed misery. Her frame was too delicate to support the struggle, and the rosy hue of health no longer graced her cheek; the cheerful smile no longer sat upon her countenance. 'Medical aid' was called, but physicians cannot cure the wounds of the heart. Observing the pain she created, she reasoned with herself, she remonstrated with her heart, and resolved, if possible, to conquer its feelings.

With a faint hope that Leander was not irrecoverably lost, Herbert resolved to separate him awhile from the fascinating society of Somerton, by accompanying him on a journey to visit his friends at Philadelphia. Fortunately, Leander was at home,

(or rather at his own house, for of late the tavern had been his home) on the afternoon which his uncle had chosen to make the proposal. Leander received him with confusion ; he knew that he was making an ill return for the guardian cares of his uncle, and his embarrassments was extreme. His countenance was pale, his eyes sunken, and his deportment bashful and timid ; not the timidity of modesty, but of guilt and remorse. To some observation of his uncle, he attempted to reply, but the accent died upon his lips. Not appearing to notice his too evident embarrassment, Herbert began to caress and play with Alonzo. What a lovely child !' said he, 'how prettily he smiles. See, Leander, how strongly he resembles his mother ; do you not think that he will possess her virtues ? I should suppose similar features to be indicative of similar virtues.' Leander's native sensibility was rising ; it had been long repressed ; for in the circles he frequented, sensibility was known, only to be ridiculed. Herbert made the proposal, and urged his nephew to a compliance. 'Indeed,' added he, 'I cannot be denied ; the plan is arranged, and my girls shall domesticate with Amelia till

we return.' After a variety of objections had been obviated, and Leander could no longer find a pretext to deny, he reluctantly acceded to the proposal, and the following morning was fixed for their departure.

The affection of his uncle had aroused Anderson from his lethargy, and though the good man had studiously avoided to mention his late irregularities, Leander could not help imagining that there was an uncommon earnestness in his manner, and a look of pity, he fancied, was often mingled with his earnest gaze at himself. 'Alas,' thought Leander, 'I have forfeited his esteem forever, and now he pities, as he condemns me.' He gazed on Amelia and Alonzo in succession, and his feelings were most exquisitely agonizing.

Amelia saw the struggle in his soul. She would have soothed him ; but her heart was too full for utterance. She gently touched her guitar, and calmed the tumult of his soul with the soft strains of melody. Leander was not yet so hardened in guilt, as to stifle the voice of conscience. He had tried, in vain, to quiet its murmurings, and lull its pangs ; and when he retired this night to his chamber, he made the resolution to hear its accusations.

Multiplied, indeed, were his transgressions, and his heart pronounced sentence against him ; yet he felt still a pleasing hope that he was not irrecoverably lost. He resolved to confess his errors to his uncle, and entreat his counsel. He was even pleased with his intended journey, as it might contribute to the recovery of his diseased mind.

Having made this resolution, he was led to an examination of the state of his finances. He had contracted many debts, which, in the dialect of the gamester, are called *debts of honour*, and which the writer supposes *are debts of infamy* ; and his affairs were in a state of embarrassment. The duties of his profession had been for some time totally neglected ; but he resolved to apply to them with industrious assiduity. These resolutions were made in the serious hour of retirement, when he was not surrounded with temptation, and saw not a party of his companions at a gaming table. Happy, thrice happy, would it have been, had he been enabled to perform his virtuous resolutions ; but he knew not how deeply the poison was infused into his mind. The love of gaming was coeval with his existence, and outweighed even the love of virtue.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

- ' Innocence, when once thy tender flower
' The sickly taint has touch'd, where is that
power
' That shall bring back its fragrance, or restore
' The tints of loveliness, that shine no more ?'

BOWLES.

SOONER than was expected, Herbert and his daughters arrived, and the former was surprised at the sudden alteration in Leander's countenance. Returning virtue had illumined his features, and the long absent smile of satisfaction again hovered on his lips. Leander bade an affectionate adieu to his Amelia and his Alonzo, and the travellers departed.

As they travelled, Herbert introduced such subjects as might serve to confirm Leander's wavering virtue. Anderson was much affected; he almost fancied he saw before him a father, a protector, a friend whom he had lost forever.

He wished much to speak of his own in-

discretions ; but could not command fortitude enough to make the attempt. When they stopped for the night, Leander requested that they might have a room together. They retired early, and Herbert, as if he had understood the feelings of Leander, insensibly led him to the subject he so much desired to speak of. With an ingenuousness, peculiar to the worthy mind, Leander told all his follies, his embarrassments, and his remorse. Without reserve or disguise, he confessed how many nights he had spent in guilty revelry ; how he had neglected the duties of his profession, the duties of the husband, the parent, and the friend. Herbert eyed him with a look of compassion ; ‘ and *could you*, Leander, ‘ said he, ‘ descend to such pursuits ? Ah ! unhappy that your strength of mind was not equal to the goodness of your heart.’ ‘ I am very wretched,’ replied Leander ; ‘ I am indeed very unhappy, and long once more to tread the paths of peace. If I have not erred beyond your forgiveness, I may yet be happy.’ ‘ And should I deny you this forgiveness, would you not regret that you had made this confession ?’ ‘ Ah, Sir,’ said Leander sorrowfully, ‘ I perceive I have entirely lost

your confidence, or you could not ask such a question ;' no, Sir, whatever he may sentence, my heart feels relieved from a load of guilt, in speaking of my errors.' Herbert clasped his hand affectionately ; ' this moment,' said he, ' restores all, restores you to my heart ; and Oh, Leander, may Heaven assist you in regaining the path of virtue ; may you never again wander from her paths, ' whose ways are pleasantness, and all her paths peace.' ' I should indeed be unpardonable,' rejoined Leander, ' should I ever again'—' Come, come,' interrupted Herbert, ' let us hear no more of this, you may assure yourself that I have forgotten your errors ; let me persuade myself that you will forget them likewise, or remember them only to thank Heaven that you are delivered from their fascinating charms.'

Leander retired to rest, with such sensations as were wont to play around his heart, ere he listened to the ' Syren song of Temptation.' That sweet consciousness of acting aright, which enhances the refreshment of sleep, and inspires Arcadian dreams, once more animated his bosom, and when the rosy god of day burst from the

chambers of the orient, he awoke to realise his dreams of happiness.

No incident worth relating occurred during an agreeable, and uninterrupted journey, and the travellers arrived at the residence of Mr. Anderson in Philadelphia. They were received with the cordiality of honest friendship. Mutual congratulations took place, and Leander eagerly enquired for Edwin and George. The latter was introduced. His enquiries for the former were answered with tears. Alas ! they had but the day before followed to the grave the son and the brother. The unfortunate youth fell by the hand of his fellow man. Some trifling dispute at the theatre, led him to adopt the fashionable mode of decision, and he had fallen in consequence. This gloomy incident clouded the joy Leander felt, or again joining the society of the friends from whom he had received such testimonials of affection. Soon after his arrival, George accompanied Leander, to pay his respects to his preceptor. Mr. Granville was truly rejoiced to see his pupil ; for he had imbibed for him the affection of a parent.

Evening arrived, and the crowd had al-

ready begun to collect at the door of the theatre. 'After the late unhappy incident,' said George, 'the theatre has no longer any charms for me; but you, Leander, may be gratified with the performance, while they will recal to my mind, a brother greatly beloved, but lost forever. They entered the theatre. 'Adelmorn the Outlaw,' was admirably performed, and effected Leander extremely. The constancy, and tender affection of Innogen, brought to his mind his Amelia; while her sufferings excited a tear of sympathy. Every eye was attracted by the unexpected appearance of the 'Spectre,' when a young lady in the next box, shrieked and fainted. Among those who flew to her assistance Leander was astonished to recognise his old friend Williamson. In the hurry of narration, we omitted to notice that Leander soon after his return from Philadelphia learned that the old man had quitted the vicinity with a sort of mysterious privacy and vain were the attempts of his young friend to discover the place of his retreat. Curiosity was now on the rack, but the cause of it had disappeared, and the circumstance so much absorbed Anderson's atten-

tion, that it was wholly abstracted from the succeeding performances, and he even neglected to notice a most beautifully performed Pantomime, with which, at any other time, he would have been delighted. Anderson communicated the circumstance to his cousin as they were returning, but could obtain no satisfactory information. 'We will enquire for him,' said George, 'possibly we may discover his residence.'

'Poor Edwin,' continued George, 'how often have we visited this temple of amusement together !' a tear followed the recollection. At the request of Leander, George recounted the particulars of the fatal catastrophe. 'I was not present,' said he, 'at the altercation which led to the unhappy event, but I learned that it originated in some trifling dispute about the performances of the stage. It was near twelve at night, when Edwin sent for me to his chamber, and imparted the circumstance. I remonstrated, but in vain, his purpose was fixed. His passions were too much inflamed, to listen to reason.' 'Ere the earth shall again be illuminated (said he) with the rays of the sun, Edwin, or Alphonso dies. As a last token of affection for your

brother, will you attend me as a second ?' I told him it would be madness to consent. I saw he was inflexible, and was hastening to consult my father on the means of saving a life so dear. 'Stay, George, (said he) one moment more, I have yet another request ; will you deliver, with your own hand, a letter to Miss Granville ? Tell her to forget me ; tell her that my love for her will be the last expiring emotion of my heart ; and even in this moment'—He paused, and in a few moments added, 'but why do I think of her ? May she forget me and be happy.' I looked at the superscription, 'Sophia Granville.' 'Edwin,' said I, 'if you proceed you may never write this name again.' He appeared not to notice the observation, but added, that he had still another request. 'Promise me that you will not suffer a breath of this intelligence to escape your lips, until my fate is decided.' 'Indeed (said I) I cannot.' He instantly drew his sword, and placed the point to his breast. Now, said he, 'give me the oath I require, or be amendable for the consequence.' What could I do ? I gave him the oath he required, and promised to attend him to the appointed place. Till the hour arrived, he

conversed with apparent tenderness on the grief his parents must endure. He sometimes softened to tears, but never receded from his purpose. The hour arrived; with trembling steps and an aching heart, I followed him. You must spare me from relating the succeeding scene. The unfortunate youth has atoned with his life, for his impetuosity. Leander recollected the dangers to which he had been exposed, in a similar instance, and shuddered at the recollection. 'Alas!' resumed George, 'he sleeps in the arms of death; forever closed is the once sparkling eye; hushed is that voice, which gave so much delight; cold and silent is his habitation; yet the sod that covers him is wet with the dews of pity. When Aurora shall again wake the glad songsters of the morning, we will visit the melancholy spot, and mingle our tears with the pearly dew drops. We will listen to the plaintive sighs of the passing gale, we will contemplate the end of all mortal beauty, and remember, that *we* must all *lie*.*' 'Narrow is his dwelling now, and mark the place of his abode. With three steps I compass his grave. Four stones with their heads of moss are his only me-

* OSSIAN.

morial ! a tree with scarce a leaf, long grass, whistling in the wind, mark to the mourner's eye, the grave of the 'unhappy Edwin.'

CHAPTER XXIX.

' Well have you borne affliction,
' Well have sustain'd your portion of distress.
' And unrepining, drank the bitter draughts
' Of adverse fortune ; happier days await you.'
 ' More's SACRED DRAMAS.'

THE whole of the next day, was spent by Leander and George, in ineffectual enquiries for the residence of Williamson. They were returning, in despair of effecting their purpose, when, on turning the corner of a street, Leander accidentally met the object of his enquiries. Williamson expressed no small degree of astonishment, at meeting the friend whom he thought never more to have seen ; and Leander was equally surprised at the old man's splendid appearance. For some moments, they stood fixed and motionless. George was the first to propose retiring to a place, where they could mutually explain the extraordinary occurrences, which had brought them once more in the presence of each other. Wil-

Williamson proposed retiring to his own house, and George, conceiving the idea that the old man would not wish to impart his adventures to a stranger, politely excused himself from accompanying them. Williamson but slightly opposed his departure, and they separated. A few moments walk brought Leander to the house of his friend, which was elegant, and furnished with 'tasteful simplicity.' 'Here, my friend,' said Williamson, 'is the residence of the now fortunate Williamson. O youth, who could have foreseen this change ! Though the sombre cloud of sorrow long hung over our persecuted family, yet the gales of retribution have chased away the thick mist of misfortune ; and the sun of prosperity gilds with his gladdening beams the hemisphere of my declining years. When you saw me first, Mr. Anderson, you saw me not thus. You saw me, 'a wretch, beset with ills, and covered with misfortune ;' without a ray of comfort to dawn upon my soul, whose companion was despair, whose only hope was in death. You now behold me possessed of opulence, and again caressed by the world.' 'And can the causes of this happy change be communicated ?' said Leander. 'You

shall hear, Sir, but first let me introduce you to my Julia.² They entered the parlour where Mrs. Williamson and her little grand daughter were sitting. The little girl was charming beyond description. Her countenance already displayed the opening bud of genius, and the traits of benevolence. Williamson-resumed, ‘you, Sir, are probably surprised at what you see ; but I told you, my young friend, when I saw you last, that fortune’s favours were capricious. I have reason to believe so still ; and her frown is not less capricious than her smile. From the time of my acquaintance with you, Sir, my heart was considerably lightened of its sorrows. I saw that virtue and humanity had not entirely flown from the Creation. I saw that there was still one, who in the gay morn of youth, could *feel* for the sufferings of a fellow creature ; could visit the habitations of the miserable, and dispense the sweet beams of consolation to an anguished heart. I saw the tear of sympathy moisten thy cheek, and the sigh of commiseration struggling to escape the heart, and hope again whispered her flattering prophecies of future years ; if not of joy, at least of tranquillity. My ill health, which I believe

was more a disease of the mind than the body, had been increased to an alarming degree, and I was verging rapidly to that silent habitation where the 'weary are at rest ;' but from the time of my acquaintance with you, Sir, (whether it was the effect of your generous friendship, or whether it was predisposed by the Great Supreme, I know not) my health was gradually restored, and at length so far established that I began once more to think of some employment. As I was sauntering one day through the street, a person on horseback approached, whose air and stature were familiar to me. Some slight salutation as we passed, drew my eyes from the ground. I gazed full in his face ; good God, with what sensations ! the roaring Niagara was perfect stillness and serenity, to the wild tumult of my bosom. In the stranger I recognised the betrayer of innocence, the *murderer* of my Celestia. I may be allowed the expression, for the fiend who tarnished her unspotted innocence, and drove her to a grave of suicide may be justly styled her *murderer*. I was tormented with the idea of farther persecutions. I trembled for Theodora, for it instantly occurred to my distracted imagination, already

frenzied with misfortune, that he had discovered my retreat, and was come to demand his child, the daughter of my Celestia, the sad memento of her fall. My Julia was equally alarmed, and we resolved on an instant removal. We repaired as privately as possible to the metropolis, and it was then, sir, that I knew how to value your compassionate regard. Your bounty supplied me with the means of hiring a ready furnished lodging, and I once more strove to obtain some employment. I strolled from street to street, almost in despair. -

I one morning entered a coffee house. Every countenance wore the aspect of business; on every brow was marked, *industry* and *competence*. I contrasted these with my own situation, and my feelings were almost insupportable. To conceal my emotions, I hastily snatched up a newspaper. You will recollect, my young friend, in my former narrative I mentioned a distant relation of my mother's, the only kindred I could claim on this side the Atlantic. In the weekly obituary I found the account of his death; and annexed an advertisement, advising his heirs, if any were to be found, to lay claim to his estates. He was wealthy.

and had died without a will. From the abyss of despair, I was raised in a moment to happiness. I flew to my Julia on the wings of affection; 'read,' said I, 'read, and be happy.'

I shall pass over our interesting conversation, and briefly notice that no time was lost in making the necessary preparations. I asserted my claim to his estates, and without opposition became possessed of an affluent fortune; and, according to the probable course of human events, I cannot again be reduced to the state from which I emerged; and the only grief I experience is the remembrance of my Celestia, and that has gradually softened into a calm and not unpleasing melancholy. Our chief enjoyment is the luxury of relieving the distressed, and our principal care the education of my Theodora; and never, my friend, do I recline on my pillow at night, or rise from my couch at morning's dawn, without a fervent prayer to the Author of nature, that she may not share the fate of her unfortunate mother.

You will pardon an old man's egotism, Mr. Anderson, though I talk to you only of myself; but you are married, I presume.

Leander briefly related his present estab-

ishment. 'Enviably lot !' replied Williamson ; ' your Amelia is deserving of your love. She is as my Julia was once ; and the little offspring of so generous a parent ! how fortunate that it is not a daughter. He will be exposed to none of those perils a female would have to encounter. Yet I conjure you, Mr. Anderson, place no dependence on him ; for though his mind be purer than the dew drop that glistens on the morning floweret, temptation and vicious example may estrange his heart from virtue.' Leander felt most forcibly the truth of this observation, and sighed to think that it had been demonstrated even in himself. He assented to the truth, and added that our hold on earthly bliss was feeble indeed. ' Feeble, emphatically feeble,' resumed Williamson ; ' had I not a daughter once, a young beautiful, virtuous daughter ? Was she not fair as Aurora, when she rises from her orient bed, and wakes the glad songsters of the morning ? Was not her mind pure as the new fallen snow, and her bosom the gentle repository of every generous feeling ? Was she not ' faultless as fair ?' yet *she* fell a victim to seduction. Her gentle head sleeps under the flower dress'd turf, where the cy-

press and the weeping willow intertwine their branches, and exclude the penetrating sun beams; and there alone, unseen by mortal, blooms the fair violet, an emblem of the once untarnished innocence of my lovely Celestia. Have I not reason to distrust all human happiness? Do I not know that the enjoyments of the heart are not less unstable than the possessions of earthly grandeur? 'The Thracians (says the inimitable Yorick) used to weep at the birth of their children, and make merry when a man went out of the world, and with reason.' Could every parent foresee the future destiny of his child, I fear the practice would become general. How does the doating parent hug the little darling of his hopes, and hail as blessings, the very means which an all wise Creator has devised to blast his warmest hopes of earthly happiness. Yet, think not I impeach the benevolence of Deity. He wisely prepares us for a state of perfect felicity, by suffering us in this probationary existence, to encounter with affliction, and drain the cup of sorrow of its last bitter dregs. Were we to be perfectly happy here, Heaven would lose half its attractions; and it is only by contrasting the mis-

cries of life with the felicities of Elysium, that our calamities can be borne with any degree of fortitude. But I beg pardon; my dull, inanimate reflection can hardly be tolerable, much less interesting, to a mind which has never felt 'the stings and arrows of outrageous fortune.'

Leander spent a happy afternoon, in intelligent and interesting conversation with his friend; and when at length he rose to depart, Williamson pressed his hand. 'Perhaps,' said he, 'we shall never meet again. I feel confident that you will never come to Philadelphia without calling on your old friend; yet it is hardly probable that we shall meet again, for my pilgrimage of life is almost over; the world is closing on my view. My best wishes will attend you. You are now in the gay morn of manhood. You view the world as I viewed it at your age: may its unfolding scenes never disclose to your view such a portrait as I have witnessed.' Leander could barely pronounce 'adieu.' 'Adieu, my young friend,' rejoined Williamson. He gazed some time in his face, pressed his hand once more, and seemed unwilling to relinquish it. 'This is puerile impotence of

mind,' said Leander; 'since we must part, let me command fortitude enough to go with tranquillity.' Williamson accompanied him to the door: he would have gone farther; but he was afraid to trust his emotion to common observation. Once more, he pronounced 'adieu!' Leander once more returned the salutation, and departed.

CHAPTER XXX.

- To spread corruption's bane, to lull the bad
- With flattery's opiate strain, to taint the heart
- Of innocence, and silently infuse
- Delicious poison, whose insidious charm
- Feeds the sick mind, and fondly ministers
- Unwholesome pleasure to the fever'd taste,
- While its full venom, with malignant pow'r,
- Strikes at the root of virtue, withering all
- Her vital energy.'

More's INTRODUCTION.

'Must we part, then?' said George to Leander, who could not be prevailed on to lengthen an absence from his native villa, and the society of his Amelia.

The pride of philosophy may call it *weakness*; but he who can with calmness and serenity take leave of those who claim a particular place in his affection, who can pronounce *adieu* with a distinct articulation, and not suffer the starting tear to say, 'I leave you with regret,' such an one, is either deficient in the warmth of generous

feeling, or, by a long course of dissimulation, has learned to command the feelings of the heart. Far different was the case with Leander. 'He felt,' as Tristram Shandy says, 'as feelingly as a man could do.'

Having received George's promise of an early visit, he burst from the embraces of his friends, and hurried to his carriage.

No event of consequence occurred on their journey homeward; and Leander already felt, in anticipation, the joys of domestic circle; already heard, in fancy, the soothing accents of his much loved Amelia, welcoming his return; already listened to the artless prattle of Alonzo. He anticipated a thousand endearing expressions from Amelia, and imagined her tenderness and joy, to see him returned, and returned *virtuous*; for he imagined that he was now superior to the efforts of the tempter, and rejoiced in his emancipation from a slavery more intolerable than that of the unhappy African, *the slavery of vice*. Though this slavery has been disguised in the garb of pleasure, Leander could not help exclaiming, with the eccentric Yorick, 'disguise thyself as thou wilt, still, still thou art a bitter draught.'

Like the hero, when he has shaken off the manacles of a tyrant, Leander's heart beat lightly ; and, fondly trusting that no power on earth could again rivet his chains, he exulted in his freedom. These reflections occupied his mind until the carriage stopped at the gate of his villa. He tripped it lightly over the lawn, and in a few moments was in the presence of his Amelia. Herbert followed him into the parlour, where their presence diffused universal gladness. Amelia welcomed their return, in the bland accents of undivided affection ; and the unintelligible prattle of Alonzo, seemed to evince the share he took in the general expression of joy. Harriet smiled a cheerful welcome ; and Eliza forgot for a moment that, since her residence at W——, she had received unequivocal proof that Edward, if he had ever been worthy of her esteem, had now entirely forfeited that claim. Herbert returned with his daughter to M——, and Eliza carried with her a silent sorrow, which veiled the beauties of creation, and cast a gloom over the brightest prospects. She had determined to think of Edward no more, and had repeatedly refused to allow him even a part-

hazarded large sums, until the fickle mistress of the affairs of men suddenly shifted sides, and the return of the fatal dye gave the death blow to Leander's sanguine expectations. In a moment of despair he hazarded the securities of his estates, and they were also lost. Evander had been 'fortune's favourite,' and he now, with apparent generosity, offered the loan of his ill-gotten wealth. Anderson accepted considerable sums, for which his notes were given on demand; these were soon expended, and the continued accumulation of debts and losses drove the misguided and unhappy man to the verge of desperation. Meanwhile Amelia, in anxious suspense, counted the moments of his absence. All was silent, save the autumnal gale, and the chirping cricket in the hearth, sad indications of approaching winter. A melancholy presentiment, which she chid herself for indulging but could not conquer, foreboded the winter of her hopes. As she sat by her window, listening plaintively to the sighing of the waving trees, she endeavoured to abstract her mind from the melancholy idea which possessed it, by arranging the following lines :

...light, perfect long hair.

THE SEASONS.

OF late 'twas spring, and ev'ry breast was gay,
And smiling joy welcom'd returning May :

Enrob'd in vernal charms was ev'ry grove ;
The cheerful robin warbled on the spray,
And charm'd the morning with his sweetest lay,
And tun'd his voice to softest strains of love.
While gentle zephyrs and refreshing showers
• Call'd forth the greens and wak'd the dormant
flow'rs ;

But soon this loveliest, fairest season fled ;
And burning Sirius rear'd his scorching head :
With pensive steps I sought the woodland shade,
And verdant bow'rs in summer's pride array'd ;
There on the banks of yonder lucid stream,
Where the deep shades exclude the sultry beam,
At Fanny's call I tune my rural lyre ;
The op'ning flow'rs a thousand sweets exhale,
The stream meandering, murmur'd thro' the vale ;
I caught th' inspiring ray, and wak'd the
muse's fire.

Swift fly the seasons in their destin'd round,
Succeeding autumn strews with leaves the
ground ;

No more we wander in the verdant grove ;
No more with hasty steps the meadows rove ;
No more the ev'ning songster's plaintive lay
In dulcet strains shall charm the closing day ;
But the autumnal gale, with sullen roar,
Proclaims that summer's beauties all are o'er.
And not less swift, stern winter rushes forth,
From the cold regions of the frozen north :

Fierce chilling blasts attend his haggard form,
Man feels his power, and dreads th' impending
storm ;
The scatter'd leaves are strew'd upon the
ground,
The limped streams, 'in icy fetters bound.'
Who then wrask, would term existence bliss,
If ev'ry joy must end in gloom like this ?
Not so the summer of our life well spent,
O'er winter sheds the blessing of content ;
And reaps eternal bliss where winter's gloom
Shall chill no more, but spring forever bloom.

The evening was now considerably advanced, and Leander did not return. Her anxiety increased ; neither her books nor her music could afford her their customary pleasure. The clock tolled eleven, 'Ere another hour,' exclaimed Amelia, 'he must be here.' She opened the casement of her window ; the moon had wandered thro' the trackless heavens, and was sinking beneath the expanse of waters. She seemed, in fancy, to hear the well known footsteps, but the next echoing blast undeceived her. The infant pledge of their union was sleeping, his mouth closed in a smile, that indicated the serenity of his bosom. Amelia hung over his cradle, and watched his infant slumbers. 'Dear innocent,' said she, 'soft

and peaceful are thy slumbers, thy bosom is a stranger to affliction ; Oh mayest thou never know the pangs I suffer.' She wept—her lovely infant smiled. 'Happy, happy infant,' continued Amelia, 'how enviable are the days of infantine simplicity : nature now glows in thy bosom, she *once* dwelt in the bosom of thy deluded parent ; but where is nature now ?' When the 'mild and gentle virtues' are extinct, when love ceases to play round the heart, and virtue irresistibly to attract, the feelings of nature are eradicated. She had formed Leander on her noblest plan ; had endued him with all that is amiable in man ; the tenderest of parents had laboured to erect in his bosom the fortress of virtue, and to stamp indelibly on his heart the delicate impressions of sensibility. Painful indeed is the reflection that the scorpion passions, that lie sleeping in the heart, should command the sacrifice of such a mind ; that dissipation should apply her sponge to the precepts of parental love, and, with one fatal stroke, wipe out *the labour of years*. Painful recollections crowded in the mind of Amelia ; she recollected all she had suffered for Leander ; she remembered the horrors of that night

when she fled from her paternal dwelling. To abstract her mind from gloomy retrospects, she opened a volume of poems she had often read with delight ; a paper fell from the book as she opened it ; it was an unfinished drawing of Charlotte at the tomb of Werter, with which she had tried to amuse herself on the day preceeding the one fixed for her marriage with Evander. The recollection was too powerful ; she threw by her book, rose from her seat, and opened the casement of her window ; anxiously, but in vain did she listen for the well known footstep. The autumnal wind was chilly, and seemed to sigh in melancholy symphony among the falling leaves. 'Where,' she exclaimed, 'O where is my Leander ? where yon pale taper gleams through the casement, are assembled a group, who are swiftly verging to destruction ; there my Leander, my once virtuous, now deluded Leander, is wasting his health, vitiating his morals, and wooing the embrace of poverty and ruin.'

The idea was exquisitely painful : she threw herself into a chair, and sat in a kind of melancholy stupor, until the echo of the midnight bell recalled her again to the win-

dow. Every moment increased her impatience ; now she withdrew from the window, then returned, then closed the casement almost in despair, then as quickly returning she listened in attentive silence, and often in fancy she heard the well known sound but the next echoing blast was the death of her hopes. Thus passed the hours, until Aurora blushed in the orient, when the welcome footstep at length approached. Her heart palpitated with pleasure ; she hastened to the door, and opened it with eagerness : Anderson was there, but Anderson's heart had lost its softness, his brow was contracted to a frown, his aspect haggard, and his hair dishevelled. ' My Leander,' said Amelia, in a soft affectionate tone, ' you look fatigued ; are you unwell ?' He made no reply but walked sullenly into the parlour, flung himself into a chair, leaning his head upon a table ; he sat a few moments silent, then suddenly starting up in frenzy, he exclaimed in a tone of horror, ' villains ! villains ! by G—d they have ruined me !' ' My Leander,' said Amelia, ' you are unhappy, and I know not the cause.' ' Away, away !' interrupted Anderson ; ' I am ruined ! curse them ! curse them ?' ' Who

would you curse, Leander ? your Amelia ? your Alonzo ?' 'Alonzo ! where is he ? ill fated infant, why was he doomed to call me father ? and why, Almighty Father, didst thou permit Amelia to love one whom thou hast forsaken ? one whom thy just vengeance must pursue ?' There was such an air of frenzy in his countenance, and his eyes rolled so wildly, that Amelia trembled for his intellects ; consolation she could not offer, she could only weep. Leander beheld her tears ; the tenderness of love returned ; he flew to her. 'My angel, my Amelia ! good God ! I have made you miserable ! weep not for me, for a wretch who has renounced all hope of happiness, and all claim to virtue. Nay ; look not on me with that aspect of soft compassion ; rather tell me I am a villain, a wretch ; heap on my head deserved reproaches.' Then starting suddenly away, he raved with the fury of a maniac, cursing his existence and its author ; Amelia would have attempted to console, but she could only look ; consoling words she had none.

Anderson at length became more calm ; he seated himself by her side, and took her hand. 'Oh Amelia,' said he, in a softened

voice, 'you are too good'; you only weep for me, you ought to reproach me; nay, I could bear reproaches, I could bear any thing but your tears.' Amelia dried them immediately, and smiled on him with ineffable sweetness. 'It is too much,' exclaimed he, as he leaned his head on her bosom, and watered it with the tears of contrition. But a moment since he entreated her not to weep; he now wept himself. At this moment Alonzo awoke, and 'Papa, papa,' saluted Leander's ears; he started up and exclaimed, 'good God! this is more than I can bear. I have deserved it; yet torture me not with the thought. See, he smiles on me; he knows not that I have brought destruction on my own head, and entailed indigence on his. Oh God! is there no avenue to escape?' 'Yes, my Anderson,' said Amelia, 'there is *one* avenue, and there is but *one*.' 'Name it, name it, and though ten thousand demons oppose me, I will boldly rush through, and regain the sweet peace I have lost.' 'Leave gaming, and dissolve your connection with Somerton. 'Gaming! did you say? ah yes! my poor brain! it was a horrid dream! Oh my father!' Amelia was now convince-

ed that his senses were disordered, and was reaching the bell to ring for assistance, when he suddenly recovered and caught her arm. 'For God's sake, hear me a few moments more; I am better now; sit down, Amelia, and tell me how I may escape.' 'Leave gaming,' said Amelia emphatically, 'and we may yet be happy.'

'It is too late, I am ruined—my fortune is gone, irretrievably lost; even this house is no longer mine; it is mortgaged, and I cannot redeem it.' 'But my affection is still the same in adversity as in prosperity; and often have I heard you assert, that with my affection, you could be happy in a cottage. Do we not live in a country where competence is the sweet reward of industry? can wealth make the heart happy?' 'No; but my innocence is likewise gone.' 'Not irretrievably; dissolve your connection with Somerton, and abjure gaming, and peace of mind may be recovered. Do you believe Somerton your friend?' 'Can I doubt it?' 'Fatal delusion! he is your betrayer, your——' 'Stay, Amelia,' interrupted Anderson, 'say no more of Somerton; but can you, after all that is passed, can you love me still?' 'Can you think my

affection can change ? I love you, Leander,
and I pity your delusion. Whatever be
your destiny, even fate shall not divide
I have shared in prosperity, I will also share
in adversity.

‘ Did I but purpose to embark with thee
On the smooth surface of a summer’s sea ;
When gentle zephyrs fann’d in prosperous gales,
And fortune’s favour fill’d the swelling sails ;
But would forsake the bark, and make the shore,
When the winds whistle and the tempests
roar.—’*

Leander, no—one sacred oath has ty’d,
Our lives one destiny, our loves one guide ;
Nor wild nor deep our common way divide.

* Prior’s ‘ Henry and Emma,’

CHAPTER XXXII.

‘ A monster ! from whose baleful presence
Nature starts back, and, though she fix’d her
stamp
On thy rough mass, and form’d thee for a man,
Now, conscious of her error, she disclaims thee,
As form’d for her destruction.’
Tragedy of Tamerlane.

WHILE the unfortunate, deluded Ander-
was pursuing the thorny road of dissipation,
Somerton was plotting new schemes of
villainy. From the ruin of Leander’s for-
tunes he had not derived the affluence he
expected ; his course of life was expensive,
and though he contrived to keep up the *ap-
pearance* of wealth, appearance was all he
could boast. He saw now no other expe-
dient than *marriage*. A marriage with Eliza
would not answer his purpose ; he consider-
ed the hymeneal state as a sort of *slavery*,
and resolved never to give up his freedom,
but to make his fortune. With the Ander-
sons of Philadelphia he was slightly ac-

quainted; and after considerable deliberation, he marked Melissa as the victim of his mercenary passion.

A letter of introduction from Leander made him a welcome guest at Mr. Anderson's. In a short period he acquired the esteem of their parents, the friendship of the son, and the affection of the daughter. While Edward was thus employed, Evander led Anderson in the usual round of fashionable folly; and thus they suffered not a pause in the action, to interrupt the drama, which is now drawing to a conclusion.

Melissa's heart was unengaged, and she was not long insensible of his attractions. Leander, during his residence at Philadelphia, had frequently mentioned Somerton as his particular friend, and expatiated much on his virtues; without reluctance, therefore, did the too credulous parents bestow on him the hand of their amiable daughter, and the gordian knot was tied, before the real character of Somerton could possibly be developed. Unsuspecting as innocence, Melissa accompanied him to W——, where her reception was such as could not justify a fear for her future happiness.

George was the companion of the journey ; he saw and loved Eliza ; and indulging a hope that he was not unworthy her affection, omitted nothing that could inspire her with tender sentiments.

Soon after his return, Somerton wrote to Eliza, earnestly requesting a clandestine interview ; Eliza started at the impropriety of the request ; but considering that his matrimonial connexion would forever free her from his addresses as a lover, curiosity to hear what he could say, prompted her to grant his request. In his note he named the arbour in her father's garden ; and after much mental conflict, she agreed to see him there. It is not the writer's motive to decide on the *propriety* of Eliza's conduct. Charity pleads much in her behalf. It cannot be denied, however, that female dignity

* * * * *

'Go on with your narrative,' say my readers, 'what have we to do with female dignity ?' Eliza strolled into the garden sometime antecedent to her appointment. Her heart fluttered when she recollected that she was soon to meet Somerton ; to meet him married, lost to her for ever. Eliza had been once a florist, and anxious to ex-

pel thought, (if possible) she endeavoured to admire the beautiful contrast between the tulip and the violet. The latter, the emblem of modesty, had concealed itself among the high grass; the former wanted in the blaze of day, in all the conscious effrontery of pride—she drew her pencil from her pocket book and wrote the following stanzas, which she entitled

MODESTY.

The violet seeks the woodland shade,
And shuns the glare of day;
The tulip blushes in the glade,
And courts the sunny ray.

A florist roves the dewy lawn,
And spies the gaudy flower;
And plucks the useless blossom down,
To grace his sylvan bower.

The blossom droops, its leaves decay,
Its roseate colour flies;
It languishes for Phœbus' ray,
It withers, fades, and dies.

The vi'let blossoms in the shade,
And shuns the solar ray;
Veil'd in its modest guise, afraid
Its beauties to display.

And water'd with the morning dew,
It flourishes unseen ;
Its flow'rs assume a deeper hue,
Its leaves a fairer green.

Learn hence, ye fair ! * * *

Eliza had discovered a very pretty thought, which she might have arranged in another stanza ; but, whether she considered her present assignation, as an infraction of the moral the lines were meant to convey ; or, whether the capricious muses would not suffer her to dip her pencil once more in the stream of helicon, is hardly worth investigation. The poem was left unfinished ; but its moral is obvious to the female reader.

Somerton at length made his appearance, and even a less critical observer would have noticed Eliza's agitation. ' Miss Herbert,' said he, bowing respectfully, ' allow me to thank you sincerely for this favour.' Eliza blushed deeply. He led her to a seat in the arbour, and continued, ' I came not, Eliza, to extenuate my offenses ; but to plead to that heart which I once hoped to call mine ; to entreat Eliza, though she cannot esteem, at least to pardon me.' Eliza

was embarrassed ; at length, she assumed courage enough to reply. 'Delicacy, sir, forbids a long conversation with you ; you will acquit me of unnecessary reserve when I request you to be very explicit.' 'Ah ! Miss Herbert, once my Eliza, how can I be explicit ? I have much to say. Banished from your presence, Eliza, without the least intimation of my offence, or even a parting interview, was it wonderful that my love should drive me almost to despair ?' 'I had hoped, sir,' interrupted Eliza, 'to have heard you converse in a different strain ; recollect, sir, you are married.' 'True, my angel, but my heart is nevertheless Eliza's.' She arose and was abruptly withdrawing. He seized her hand, and with a voice of desperation exclaimed, 'hear me, Eliza, but one moment, ere we part forever. True I am married, Eliza ; but can a legal ceremony separate congenial souls ? Melissa's virtues claim my respect ; I esteem her, but is it possible I can love any but Eliza ?' 'If you do not love her, why did you marry ?' 'Urge me not on that subject ; hear me for a moment on another, a more interesting subject : I was speaking of *legal ceremonies* ; oh how in-

efficacious are they to secure lasting happiness ! Love, free as the air, scorns the restraint of human laws. These laws are the invention of man ; yet he presumes to call them *sacred*. No, no, Eliza, (pressing her hand to his lips) the freeborn soul disdains all *superstitious rites*.’

Reader, especially if thou be a female, permit me to draw a veil over the succeeding scene. How can a female pen portray the fall of woman ? How can a female heart imagine it, and not beat with indignant horror. Suffice it to say, the setting sun threw his last rays on the tops of the trees ; they shone not on the *virtuous* Eliza.

Pitying spirits, who witnessed her fall, drop a tear for the weakness of woman ! Females, mourn for fallen beauty, and learn to fly from the sophistry of man. The compassionate reader will pity Eliza’s fall ; the tear of the writer has blotted the pages which record it. Who will not detest the perfidious Somerton ! Who will not pronounce him, in the language of the tragedian,

‘ A monster, from whose baleful presence Nature starts back.’

Nor was Melissa happy. Somerton at first treated her with respectful attention ; gradually he threw off the mask, until neglect and cold indifference pierced the heart of Melissa ; and she discovered too late, that her wealth was the object of his adoration, and not her person.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

' So farewell hope, and with hope, farewell fear ;
Farewell remorse, all good to me is lost ;
Evil, be thou my good.'

MILTON.

THE mind of Leander now began to assume that cast, which justly to delineate would require the pencil of a Raphael. Remorse, with all its horrors, was enkindled in his bosom ; the gloomy retrospect of the past subjected him to the most heartfelt regret, and the future he dared not to anticipate. Sadly reversed were his hours of reflection. Memory would wander back to those days, when his heart shrunk not from investigation. One of the last impressions a susceptible mind can admit, is the perfidy of the person in whom it has been accustomed to place the fullest confidence. To reflect, that Somerton had purposely betrayed him, was productive of the keenest anguish, and at any other pe-

riod would have been insupportable ; but his mind was so engrossed by misfortunes of his own creating, that the perfidy of a friend was but a secondary evil.

How had he fallen in his own estimation ; in the estimation of his friends, in the estimation of the world. ' A gamester ! ' would he exclaim ; ' who ? I, Leander Anderson a gamester ? Oh God ! was my guardian angel sleeping at his post ? ' Yes, deluded youth, it was so, thy guardian angel slept. Let not man presume on the *energy of his own will*. We stand upon a precipice, the passions at the bottom, like so many syrens, lure us to their arms ; we burst the feeble barriers of virtue ; we tumble headlong to ruin, and all this time our *own will* leans on the side of virtue. Some invisible arm, then, can alone shield us from destruction. Such reflections as these had often dwelt in the mind of Leander ; yet how little were they heeded ; he had descended that fatal precipice, and would only look back with hopeless regret. Yet even despair he was not allowed calmly to indulge. Unavailing remorse could not stifle the calls of clamorous creditors ; the tears of repentance could not liquidate his accumulated debts.

‘I am lost,’ said he to Amelia, ‘for ever lost ! abandoned of Heaven. Horrid images swim before my imagination, my weary eyes in vain look round for some reed of hope to grasp. I can only exclaim with the poet :

‘Swift is the flight of wealth, unnumber’d wants,
Brood of voluptuousness, cry out aloud,
Necessity.’

Amelia made no reply, but hastily withdrew, and returned in a few moments with a casket which had been given her by Leander, soon after their marriage. He started at the sight. ‘This,’ said the amiable woman, while her aspect wore the smile of heavenborn sweetness, ‘this my Anderson could not part with, it *was mine*.’ Leander sighed emphatically ; she continued, ‘It contains some baubles which were never valuable to me, but as the present of my husband. They were ever unnecessary embellishments. I should now be ashamed to wear them : take the casket, Leander, its contents may satisfy your creditors for the present ; may it make you happy.’ Anderson started from his seat and exclaim-

ed, 'No, no, Amelia ; would you have me descend to such pitiable meanness ?' 'Consider' interrupted Amelia, 'how ill such ornaments would become me while my Anderson is distressed. The trappings of female vanity are to me of little value ; if they could restore your peace of mind they would be inestimable ; take the casket, I entreat you ; dispose of it as advantageously as possible, and believe me, I feel an higher satisfaction in thus disposing of what baubles are in my possession, than they ever could yield me, in ornamenting that person, which has ever been the least of my concern.' She put the casket in his hand, and, without waiting a reply, immediately withdrew. 'Heavens !' exclaimed Leander, 'what wretch could make so deserving a woman unhappy ; the paragon of her sex ! had she never known me, she might have been happy. Oh Heavens ! I must, I will return, while there is yet a time ; I will renounce for ever the name of *gamester*. Yet what will that avail ? my fortune is lost ; my fortitude, my innocence, all are lost. Oh may my fate be a mirror for the gamester. Would to Heaven the whole earth could hear the assertion that I

was completely happy, till I yielded to the fatal propensity for play. My sainted father too ! perhaps his angel spirit witnessed my fall ! Oh God ! I must return.

Instinctively he put the casket in his pocket and walked out. He was scarcely in the street, when he was joined by Somerton. So soft, so bland, so soothing were his accents, that Leander found it next to impossible to doubt his sincerity. Somerton had now accomplished his purpose as fully as he could wish, and the deluded, ill fated Anderson was completely in his power. Yet, notwithstanding he had rifled his unsuspecting victim of an affluent fortune, he had found that the spoils of the gaming table were not durable, and wealth gotten by dissimulation, as transitory as the varied rays of the gay iris in the circumambient cloud. With inimitable art, he now cheered the desponding Leander, and led him to scenes of brighter hue. They continued their walk until they reached the scene of all Leander's sorrows, M———'s tavern ; the temple of profanity, the resorte of a miserable horde of gamblers. Perhaps (thought Leander) I may not *always* be so peculiarly unfortunate ; fortune may

smile once more, if I hazard my all that is left. Thus does misery reason, and thus 'hope springs eternal in the human breast,' just as the infant, who pursues the rising bubble ; he sees it break, and 'dissolve to common air ;' he pursues another and this meets the fate of his predecessor, yet he still amuses his fancy with the formation of more. So when we are beset on all sides with misfortunes ; when scarce a gleam of light, or a ray of hope beams in to cheer the sombre scene ; we still pursue the bubble happiness ; we grasp the lovely vision ; it breaks, falls to the ground, and then we feel the instability of human hopes. Some secret whisperer urged Leander to forbear. 'If you are unfortunate,' argued reason, 'you will have lost the last hold on happiness, the last reed of hope, and blockaded every avenue to a return. Still the meteor hope would hold forth her fairy perspective, would dip her pencil in delusive visions, and paint the distant prospect in Icarian tints. His ravished fancy now beheld returning wealth and happiness. The temptation was too powerful to be resisted ; the casket was hazarded, and Leander found that he had 'grop'd for happiness

and met despair.' The last wreck of hope was gone ; misery and despair were inevitable. With the fury of a maniac, he rushed into the street ; but here new tortures awaited him. Whither should he go ? Where hide from his injured Amelia, whom he dared not to see. From his own conscience he could not fly. 'What is eternity ?' said he to himself, 'that I should dread it ? Why do I prolong an existence ? O whither am I wandering ? Yet am I not right ? My Amelia, my Alonzo ! Oh Heavens, I can never see them more ! What is it to die ? My father assured me that we should live again. The last accents that trembled his dying lips were, 'we shall meet in a better world.' But he carried not with him this load of guilt ; yet he trembled at the dread abyss. He trembled to remove the curtain that veiled eternity from his view.

'Where, where for refuge shall the guilty fly,
'When consternation turns the good man pale.'"

He approached the banks of the river, and gazed in silent horror on its surface.

* YOUNG.

'Fool !' he exclaimed at length, I dare not die ; there must be a *something* after death ; and the intuitive dread of what that *soemthing* is, still makes me linger in this terrestrial abode. Futurity, what art thou ? Why art thou so veiled from my view, that I am a coward at thought of the ? Will one fatal plunge bring me to my *end* ? No, it cannot ; ' I shall *never* die.' Can I hope for bliss immortal, when I have so sported with my earthly happiness ? Oh conscience, conscience, why wilt thou not be still ! Oh for some cordial draught to drown all sense of what is past, all fear of what may come !'

He approached the margin of the stream, and was about to tempt the perilous wave, when fancy gave him the resemblance of his father, that seemed to cross him in his way. There was a time, when he would have ridiculed such an allusion ; but guilt had made him a coward. He started in horror from the scene, and unconscious which way he bent his steps, he arrived at the house which had once been his, and was still the residence of the ill fated Amelia. Pale horror chilled his soul ; he flung himself into a chair, and leaning his elbow

on a table, rested his cheek on his hand. Opposite to him hung his portrait, drawn at that happy period when his heart was unconscious of guile. What a contrast did his disconsolate figure form to the portrait. The one was indicative of simplicity and innocence, united to deep penetration; the other shewed a countenance pallid from misfortune, an eye timid from guilt, yet wildly rolling in madness; tears had bedimmed its lustre, and guilt had dashed the lines of beauty from one of nature's fairest countenances. The sullen gloom of despair was at length interrupted by the entrance of Amelia. Her aspect, so compassionate, so tender, so benign, and yet so sorrowful, awakened those tender feelings in Leander's heart, which, impressed by the hand of nature, vice had no power to obliterate. In the anguish of his soul, he wept and sobbed like an infant. Fortitude, seldom the prerogative of woman, now quite forsook Amelia. She could not comfort the wretched Anderson; she could only pity and weep. Struggling at length to assume composure, she tenderly inquired what new sorrow had assailed his heart. 'New sorrow,' he exclaimed in a voice of agony,

'new sorrow ! horror, misery, despair ! Amelia, are you prepared to hear the last anathema of fate ?' 'Explain yourself, I entreat,' said Amelia, clasping his hand. 'Are you prepared,' continued Leander, 'to live in indigence and misery, the scorn and derision of the world ?' 'I am prepared to share your wayward destiny.'

Leander sat a few moments, then starting from his chair, he exclaimed, 'Is it possible ! my wife's jewels ! her own private property ! O this is too much.' Amelia saw too plainly the cause of his distress, yet she forbore to reproach him. In vain did she endeavour to calm the agitation of Leander's spirits. He was wild, frantic, and despairing. Three summer's suns had now shone upon Alonzo, and he possessed all that fascinating simplicity, so conspicuous in the morn of life. His artless prattle was now no longer music in Leander's ear ; and he heeded not the story of infantine amusements, and after several ineffectual attempts to gain his attention, Alonzo burst into tears, and left the room. Leander rushed violently after him ; Alonzo, affrighted, fled his pursuit. 'See,' exclaimed Anderson, 'he flies from me, I have

wounded his little feeling heart.' With a hurried step he sought his chamber. Amelia followed him unperceived ; he was loading a pistol ; Amelia rushed into the chamber, and caught his arm ; he trembled, and the pistol fell to the ground. ' What can this mean ? ' exclaimed Amelia, in a voice tremulous and faint. ' Ebbert has ruined me, and by G—d his life shall atone' ——— ' Anderson,' interrupted Amelia, ' where has the softness of your nature flown ? Have I not known you weep at the recital of a pathetic fiction ? Have you not compassionated the robin, bereft of its young ? And can you now harbour a thought so horrible ? Would you seek the life of a fellow creature, a brother, one of the vast family of man ? ' Her soft, angelic voice, never heard without emotion, softened his heart, and restored the spring of reason to its pristine elasticity.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

‘ Rise never more, O sun ! let night prevail.
‘ Eternal darkness close the world’s wide scene,
‘ And hide me from myself.’

BUSIRIS.

EDUCATED in virtue, nurtured in the school of wisdom, possessing every accomplishment to command esteem, and enjoying all that men call happiness, in a supreme degree, why did Anderson fall ? Inquiry is vain. He was now completely lost. Expiring virtue rallied back to her native citadel, and struggled in vain against superior force ; and her lost essay was over. Vice now took the entire possession of his mind, the outposts of his virtue were broken down, the natural softness of his soul seemed to be totally eradicated ; he even descended to inebriety, and often when he returned from his midnight orgies, the amiable woman who had chosen him for a guide and protector, was treated with sottish bru-

At any common period, filial sorrow for the loss of a most excellent parent, would have agonised the tender bosom of Amelia; but the follies of Anderson had created woes of so much greater magnitude, that her heart could find no avenue to admit another.

Meanwhile the fiendlike Somerton, with hellish industry, plotted the destruction of Eliza. It is unnecessary to retrace the arts of seduction, or lead the reader through the entangling mazes of illicit love. Suffice it to say, she was lost, ruined, undone forever.

CHAPTER XXXV.

‘ Poor is the trophy of seductive art,
‘ Which but to triumph, subjugates the heart ;
‘ Or Tarquin like, with more licentious flame,
‘ Stains manly truth, to plunder female fame ;
‘ Life’s deepest penance never can atone,
‘ For hope deluded and for virtue flown.’

Paine’s ‘ RULING PASSION.’

NARROW is the path of propriety, and doubly guarded on every side should be the steps of woman. Her’s are the delicate sensibilities ; her’s is the heart ‘ tremblingly alive’ to soft emotions ; and her’s is too often the melancholy fate to weep over the ruins of innocence. Her pathway is beset with snares ; and the slightest deviation from virtue can never be retrieved. Not possessing that quick precision and force of intellect which is the peculiar prerogative of man, she too often listens to the plighted vow, and listening, is undone. And such is the ill nature of the world that,

false step forever blasts her fame.’

No penitence, however exemplary and sincere, can meet acceptance at the world's tribunal ; the wounds of female reputation admit no lenitives, and resist all healing applications. Daughters of innocence ! read in the following letter the sad story of Eliza, and steel your hearts to the arrows of love, ' which, like the Parthean wound us as they fly.'

LETTER.

Amelia, my unfortunate friend, forget for a while your own sorrows, let the tear which has flowed for Anderson, be shed in pity for your Harriet, in compassion for Eliza.

Eliza, ruined, deluded girl ! Alas ! my friend, the seducer has triumphed in Eliza's destruction. Somerton, (how can I mention the name except in connexion with the deepest villainy) the fiendlike, the perfidious Somerton, has blasted our warmest hopes of earthly happiness. Oh how fleeting are the days of happiness ! On every page of fate's eventful volume is inscribed ' Poor are the pleasures of the world, hope is delusive, and happiness a

phantom.' Happy are they who early seek a more permanent felicity in a better world. Thrice happy are those who can gaze with a philosophic unconcern on the events of time, and when the anchor of hope is broken, can lean on religion for support.

My friend, I have a tale to unfold which will exemplify the truth of this observation. Suspicion has long pointed her venomous finger at Eliza ; but the idea I was ashamed to cherish I never revealed, even to my Amelia. Yesterday was a fatal day. Yesterday, a cloud arose and hovered over us. It obscured the sun of happiness and darkened the beams of the lucid meteor, hope, the 'light which shineth in darkness.' Yesterday a fragment of a letter fell into my hands signed 'E. Somerton,' and superscribed to my sister. The subject I could not exactly determine ; but the broken sentences, 'Alcove in the garden,' 'four in the afternoon,' 'love swearing the restraint of law,' &c. were sufficient to awaken suspicion ; or rather to confirm the suspicion already awakened. In the afternoon Eliza left her chamber, where she had been confined by real or pretended illness, and walked into the garden. I followed her unper-

ceived ; she entered the alcove, (O suffer me to bathe the story with a sister's tears ;) in a few moments she was followed by the traitor Somerton. Listening from mere curiosity is incompatible with dignity of mind ; but her honour, virtue, happiness, were at stake. I listened, and what before was vague conjecture, became horrible confirmation. Eliza lamented her unhappy situation ; her seducer administered all the false comfort which could be derived from sophistry and systematic immorality. Eliza was overpowered with the subject ; her voice grew feeble. 'Heavens !' exclaimed Somerton, 'Eliza dies.' I flew to her assistance, Somerton fled with precipitation, and left her fainting in my arms. The premature birth of an infant, that might have called the traitor Somerton its father, added much to her despair. Nature struggled, reason tottered, and could not maintain her dominion, and Eliza is a maniac. Your truly feeling heart will suggest the grief of a fond parent, and the anguish of a sister ; but Eliza's woes, who can describe, who can imagine. Last night I watched by the bedside of the dear sufferer. Towards morning she slept ; and fatigued with the

sufferings of the night, I sunk in the arms of Somnus. I awoke just as Aurora reddened in the orient, but the poor maniac was gone. Affrighted and almost frantic, I alarmed the family, and with several attendants, immediately went in pursuit of the lovely maniac. We followed her track in the morning dew, till we reached the confines of a deep wood. I shuddered at the drear horror of the scene, rendered more horrible by reflection. Still the brakes and ferns appeared to be separated by the foot of mortal; yet I began to think it impossible that she should have wandered to this sequestered spot. We proceeded up a winding ascent till we reached a projecting cliff, over which a torrent rushed with impetuous fury. On this craggy cliff sat an object that might have agonized a heart of stone. On a rock, yes, on a bare rock, Amelia, yet wet with the waters that tumbled over it, sat my beloved Eliza, gazing wildly on the torrent. My attendants waited within call; I approached her alone. She gazed with frantic wildness in my face; I never before beheld such a countenance. Her cheek had assumed a deathlike paleness, and there was a settled glassy wildness in

her eyes that mocks description. ‘Eliza,’ said I, ‘why did you leave your chamber?’ She gave me a melancholy look, and laying her hand on her bosom, exclaimed, ‘poor throbbing, bleeding heart! See, see, my bosom bleeds! Somerton, you have inflicted a wound that can never be healed!’ ‘Eliza,’ said I, ‘do you not know me?’ ‘Know you,’ she rejoined, ‘yes, I knew you once, you are Innocence; those were happy days, when I knew you. No, stop, you are some pitying seraph sent by the All Gracious, to minister consolation to my despairing mind. Compassionate angel, dost thou not know that my wounds resist all cure? Listen to me, oh ye females, listen to her who teaches by experience. Look yonder! see there are crouds of dæmons approaching; they point their arrows at my bosom; oh misery! oh despair!’ She turned and beheld the rising sun. ‘Yes, glorious orb, thou shalt again dispense thy vivifying rays over the creation, and nature shall rejoice; but poor Eliza shall weep friendless, forsaken, neglected, and undone.’ I laid my hand gently on her shoulder, she shrieked, flung her arms around my neck, and fainted. She was conveyed home apparently lifeless.

but nature has not yet yielded. She awoke to life, but reason has abdicated her throne. Death is approaching with an hasty stride, to remove her to that silent mansion, 'where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.' 'Whatever is, is right,' says the poet; a truth to which reason and philosophy bid me assent; but feeling constantly says no.

'Why, my Amelia, did the God of nature endow us with such exquisite feelings, to have them so constantly wounded? But I forbear to murmur. Our Creator, I am persuaded, will make us happy in some other existence. Yes, there must be an existence, where suffering virtue will receive the reward which it is denied here. How else can Infinite Wisdom be infinitely benevolent. 'Lean not on earth 'twill pierce thee to the heart,' is the feeling admonition of the poet. Do we not find it so? Do we not find by fatal experience that

* This is the state of man ;
To day he puts forth the tender leaves of hope,
Tomorrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him ;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost.*

* SHAKESPEARE.

Oh Amelia, all other calamities I could have borne with philosophic fortitude ; but how can I resign my Eliza to the tomb ! How inhuman the traitor who could rob me of my only sister ! Why must it be so Amelia ?

‘ So the poor lamb when wandering far away,
A tyger’s unsuspecting easy prey ;
In vain she bleats her agonizing cries,
He gripes her fast, and as he smiles she dies.
Why did not Heaven its loudest thunders roll,
And strike the mean barbarian to the soul.
Hold, hold my heart ! was it not Heaven’s decree ?
Should Heaven have chang’d its high awards for thee. ;||

Yes, Amelia, I ought to be resigned to the will of Providence. I will alienate, if possible, every terrestrial tie. I will not even wish for happiness on earth ; but place all my hopes in that world, where we shall have ‘ beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness.’ Adieu : may you never feel the pangs which I have been some of your

HA.

|| ABELARD to ELOISA.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

' Sinner, oh why so thoughtless grown !
 ' Why in such dreadful haste to die ?
 ' Daring to leap to worlds unknown !
 ' Heedless against thy God to fly !
 ' Wilt thou despise eternal fate,
 ' Urg'd on by sin's fantastic dreams ?
 ' Madly attempt the infernal gate,
 ' And force thy passage to the flames ?
 ' Stay, sinner, stay —————

ANON.

THE reception of this letter, pierced
 anew the lacerated heart of Amelia, and
 removed the veil from Leander's eyes,
 which hid the depravity of Somerton. He
 now saw the monster in his native hydra
 form ; the deluder of unsuspecting virtue ;
 the betrayer of confiding innocence ; the
 consummate hypocrite ; and a shock-
 ing example of the depravity of the human
 race. His conviction came in its full
 force, but it came too late. ' Curse him !
 curse him ! ' exclaimed Leander, ' could
 he even ruin my lovely Eliza.'

While he held the letter in his hand, Lorenzo entered, with intelligence that Somerton had absconded in the night ; that his estate was found to be in a most beggarly state of bankruptcy ; and the innocent Melissa was left in worse than widowed indigence. Leander snatched his pistol, and hastened to the door. Lorenzo caught his arm, and detained him. ‘Ebbert is not gone,’ he exclaimed in a tone bordering on distraction, ‘he was an accessory, and by H——n I’ll murder him.’ Amelia shrieked and fainted. Lorenzo rang violently for assistance, and Leander, dropping his pistol, exclaimed, ‘oh God ! I have murdered my Amelia,’ and rushed out of the room. Involuntarily he approached the margin of the river, and was half resolved, by one fatal plunge, to end all remembrance of the past and fear of the future. Then, in a moment, some unseen divinity seemed to arrest his mad career, and the thought of an eternal world made him fear to rush uncalled into the presence of his God. ‘What an awful transition,’ he exclaimed, ‘from what I once was to what I now am. A few years since I was basking in the sunshine of bliss, and sipped the sweet nec-

tar of love. My heart shrunk not from investigation, and I knew not a painful emotion. All around me was one gilded scene of innocent enjoyment; I was virtuous, I was happy. Oh, where am I! what am I now! Somerton, thou wicked one, thou hast lured me to perdition. To what a dreadful alternative am I driven! live I cannot, and I dare not die. I dare not violate that sacred law that forbiddeth self destruction. Yet why should I hesitate? Can I sink lower than I am already in the abyss of guilt? Would to God that one fatal plunge could procure an *everlasting sleep*; but it cannot; the God who created me is able to continue my existence, even though I leap precipitately over the dreadful gulf that yawns between me and the eternal world. Shall I dare hope for the mercy of Omniscience? No, I have sinned beyond the depth of mercy; I am miserable, and I deserve to be so.' In a moment his Amelia, his Alonzo, rushed across his mind, and the idea was as liquid flames to his soul. Vice had long repressed feeling; but the little spark of sensibility, which not even vice had been able totally to extinguish, was now enkindled to a blaze, and

his heart was 'tremblingly alive' to agonizing sensations. No reed of hope was left for him to grasp ; no anchor could his soul find to rest on ; every prospect was portrayed by the sombre pencil of despair. If he thought on life, he saw despair and misery his portion ; if he contemplated death, ten thousand frantic fantasies floated before his disordered imagination. He looked around him ; there was no person near. The sun was setting, and threw his last departing ray upon the waters. Memory recalled to his view the scenes of felicity, when at this pleasing, pensive hour, when he had wandered on the banks of the stream, and with placid satisfaction,

' Had seen the sunbeams sink in ocean's bed,
And watch'd the landscapes as they fade away.'

and his feelings became insupportably agonizing. 'Thou glorious orb,' said he, addressing the departing luminary, 'for the last time I gaze on thee. Thou art sinking beneath the wave ; ere thou rise again I shall sink never to rise ; never to rise on earth. Thou shalt again illumine a waking world. *Shall I too wake ?* Can the narrow boundary of an earthly existence limit

the flight of an aspiring soul ? I *shall wake*, but *where ? how ?* Oh, chaos of doubt ! oh, vain inquiry ! However the pride of false philosophy and foolish scepticism, may cloud with doubts the sunshine of Revelation, I feel the solemn truth ; yet do I not also feel that mercy is the darling attribute of Deity ? The best of parents taught me that God is Love Omnifick ; they bade me call him Father, for he is the *Parent of all*. Away then, visions of terror ! My emancipated spirit shall wing its trembling flight to the bright throne of eternal Mercy.' As he spoke the last words, he leapt into the stream ; nature struggled for a moment, and then released the trembling spirit from its earthly habitation.

Shall we draw aside the curtain of eternity ? No ; such an effort were presumption. The subject is involved in obscurity ; yet the light of Revelation, beaming on the darkness of human reason, like the rays of the sun scattering the mists of the morning, teaches us that he who rushes uncalled and unprepared into the presence of his Creator, will ' call upon the rocks and mountains to fall, and hide him from the majesty of an offended God.' Yet there is one

consoling reflection to sooth the sympathising mind, already depressed with tragic glooms ; when with the eye of faith, we look up to ' Him who is invisible,' we see our Almighty Parent, seated on a throne of mercy ; and, though suicide stands foremost in the black catalogue of crimes, forbidden by the law of God and man ; yet we are assured, that the Author of our existence is ' able to save, even to the uttermost.'

The compassionate reader, who has followed the ill-starred Leander through succeeding scenes of misery and guilt, will drop a tear of forgiveness over his tomb ; and dare we suppose, that our hearts are more disposed to forgiveness, than the Fountain of all Goodness, the Source of all Benevolence.

Go ye, who sport your thousands, view in the sad fate of Anderson, the certain consequences of dissipation ; and ' turn from the error of your ways to the wisdom of the just.'

CHAPTER XXXVII.

'But endless is the tribe of human Nls.'

YOUNG.

LORENZO'S attention to the fainting Amelia, prevented an immediate pursuit of Leander; he was discovered too late, and drawn lifeless from the water. Who can describe the anguish of Amelia? Let us draw over it the 'Grecian painter's veil.' The report flew with the rapidity of lightning, and Mr. Stanhope and George Anderson, were soon the spectators of a scene of distress, that might have extorted a tear, even from the eye of apathy. The compassionate Herbert too, though he seldom left the bedside of his dying daughter, could not forbear to sympathise with the sufferers, and drop a tear over the lifeless form, which was once animated with a philanthropic heart.

The report of Anderson's misconduct had reached the grateful Williamson; and he

resolved to make at least one effort to draw his wandering footsteps back to the paths of peace. His wife and their little Theodora became the companions of the philanthropic journey; just at this momentous crisis, they arrived, and the melancholy catastrophe harrowed up recollections which had long slept in the bosom of Williamson. A jury of inquest was called, who gave a verdict of insanity. Meanwhile the friends of Amelia were arming her with fortitude, to sustain the last painful trial, the hour of his interment. The hour arrived, and Anderson was consigned to his long home! Peace to his spirit!

The work of retribution was already commencing. Evander was seized with a violent illness, which, in a very few days, precluded all hope of recovery. He had now leisure to reflect on the wide ruin he had wrought, and even his adamant heart was stung with remorse; he confessed himself the seducer of Celestia; the murderer of Williamson's hope of happiness. Williamson could forgive; but to forget was impossible. To discover the seducer of his daughter, opened afresh the wounds which time had but slightly cicatrized.

Evander had alone amassed a fortune, which he now bequeathed jointly to Theodora and Alonzo. After this expiatory act, he earnestly begged to be permitted once to embrace his child. Theodora had now attained her eleventh year ; and to a finished form, and beautiful countenance, was added an uncommon share of mental graces. Williamson had made her education his principal study. She was already acquainted with polite literature, and tolerable proficient in music and drawing ; and her young heart glowed with generous feeling. Pity was a nursling she had fostered in her bosom ; and when she was led to the bed side of her dying parent, the tear of filial tenderness moistened her azure eye. Evander pressed her hand to his lips, and watered it with the tears of contrition. ‘ O my God ! ’ he exclaimed, ‘ I might have been perfectly blest ; I might have called Celestia my own, and clasped to my bosom as sweet a cherub as ever blest a father’s arms ! ’ The kind hearted Williamson, in whose bosom pity has assumed the place of anger, endeavoured in vain to console him. The hope of immortality he had resigned for the pride of atheism ; and his favourite

tenet of annihilation, or eternal sleep, fled at the approach of death. He could only look forward to eternity, as a boundless abyss of darkness and despair, without one cheering ray of hope to sooth his despairing mind. Thus he lingered a few days, and then without a hope expired.

Sympathising reader, if thy heart be still open to other scenes of misery, let us follow the afflicted Herbert back from Leander's tomb to the sick bed of the poor maniac, Eliza. The unfortunate girl lingered a few days in interesting insanity, and then 'sweetly languished into life.' Her unhappy parent could not long survive her; and the truly amiable Harriet was an orphan.

Harriet possessed a mind superior to misfortune. Deeply as she regretted, and feelingly as she lamented the past, there was still consolation in the present, and hope for the future. Deeply impressed with the feeble tenure of earthly happiness, and fully persuaded that 'all things' would finally 'work together for good,' she bore her sorrows with a fortitude which would have honoured a philosopher.

'Mild resignation, wiser than despair,
Led the sigh, and check'd the fruitless tear.'

Lorenzo and Harriet had alone escaped the snare ; and when their griefs had mellowed into that pleasing pensiveness, which a feeling heart never wishes to resign, they joined their hands at the shrine of Hymen, and as they had both witnessed the fleeting nature of earthly enjoyment, they were neither elated with the smiles, nor depressed with the frowns of fortune. They had both witnessed enough of the fatal consequences of dissipation, to wean their hearts from the love of youthful pleasure. The remembrance of Anderson and Eliza was as a talisman to guard them in the path of virtue. Among the mourners for Eliza, George was not the least conspicuous. He had looked forward with pleasing hope to the day when he might call her his own ; and his heart suffered severely from disappointed expectations. Williamson, however, taught him resignation, by his example, and directed him to bow with submission to the will of Heaven. Amelia retired with her father to M——, where the education of Alonzo was her chief resource, when memory recalled the sad scenes she had witnessed. Somerton still lives a despised vagabond. The irregularities of his youth

have rendered him the prey of disease. He is separated from his wife, and drags out a miserable existence in friendless penury ; suffering continually that worst of all punishments, the stings of a guilty conscience.

Ye gamesters ! receive instruction ; and learn that the love of gaming may even eradicate the love of virtue from the human breast. O ye youth ; ye who are just entering into life ; ye who are unsophisticated by fashion ; fly from the company of the gamester. Behold the ruins of innocence, and fly from certain destruction ; ' for their feet run to evil, they lurk privily for the innocent. Walk not in the way with them, refrain from their paths, for their house leadeth unto death !'

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